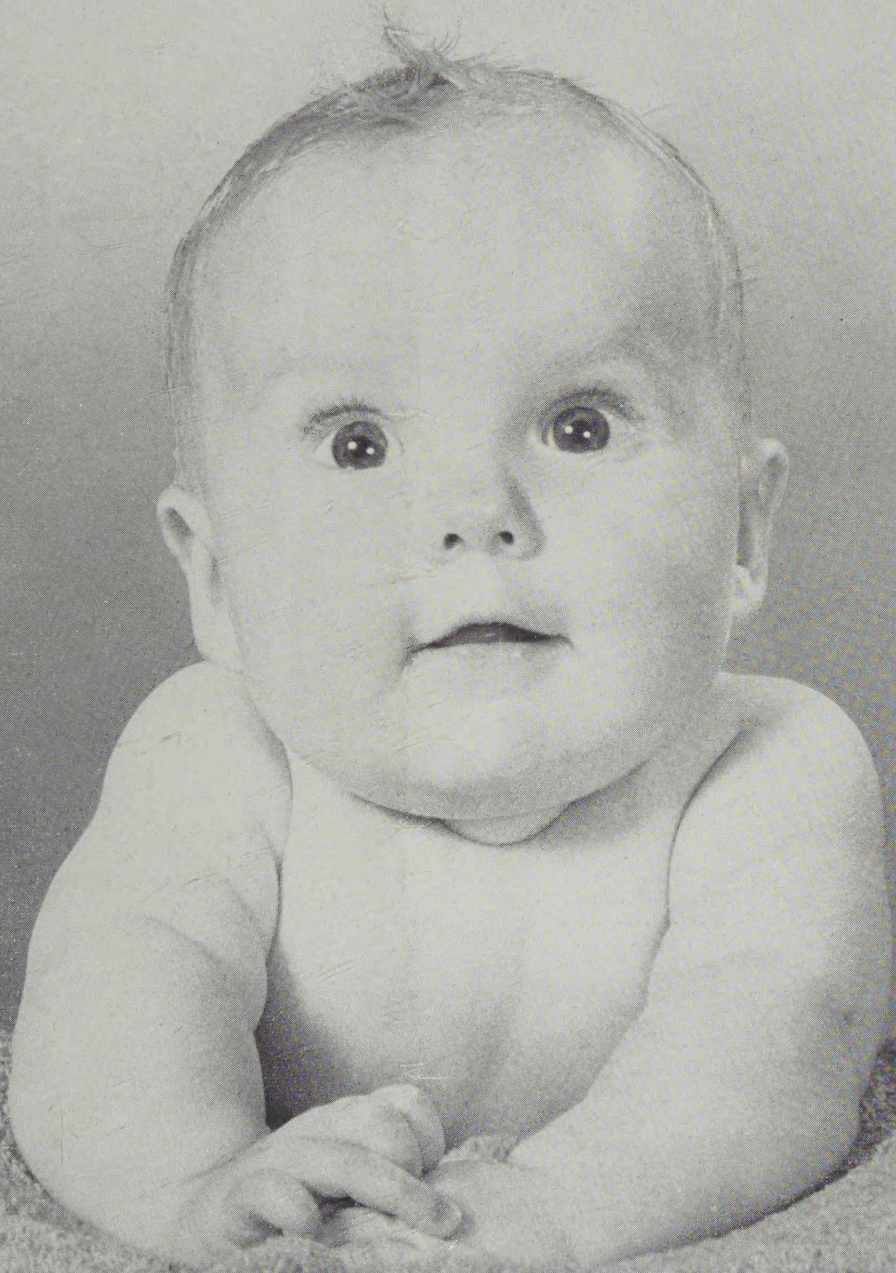


*The* **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**



- **Are They Ready to Marry?**—*Talmage C. Johnson* **EXHIBIT**
- **Never Too Old for a Hobby**—*Clarence Edwin Flynn* **School of Religion**

January 1950



# The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

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## Contents

### ARTICLES

	PAGE
Are They Ready to Marry? . . . . . by Talmage C. Johnson	2
The Inconceivable Wonder of Eternity . . . . . by Jack Finegan	4
Twelfth Night . . . . . by Lois Rea	6
To Have and to Hold—A Good Baby Sitter . . . . . by Janet Chandler	10
Keep Up-to-Date, Mom . . . . . by Ann M. Seeley	11
Never Too Old for a Hobby . . . . . by Clarence Edwin Flynn	13
Bringing Up Brothers—and Sisters, Too . . . . . by Vera Channels	17
Hearthstone Salutes: Marie Markham . . . . . by Lydia Lion Roberts	19
A Child's Part in Family Devotions . . . . . by Lois S. Smith	20
"Sorry, I Have a Date!" . . . . . by Susan C. Chiles	22
The Marks of a Christian Home . . . . . by Jackson Wilcox	31
To Date or Not to Date . . . . . by F. W. Wiegmann	35

### FICTION

Just to Be Loved . . . . . by Adaline Scott	8
You Left the Heart Out . . . . . by Helen J. Reichenbach	14
Stories for Children . . . . .	26
Fairy Make-Believe . . . . . by Dorothy Young Croman	
Barton and the New Red Sled . . . . . by Doris Clore Demaree	
Choosing a Picture for Grandmother . . . . . by Doris Clore Demaree	
Feeding Birds . . . . . by Jessie B. Carlson	
Seeds to Eat . . . . . by Eva McCallum	
The Lie . . . . . by Helen Laura Renshaw	29

### FEATURES

A Word from <i>The Word</i> . . . . .	1
Worship in the Family With Young Children . . . . .	24
Family Counselors . . . . .	33
Just for Fun . . . . . by Loie Brandom	38
What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life . . . . . by J. D. Montgomery	41
Family Mail Box . . . . .	43
Books for the Hearth Side . . . . .	45
The Spinning Wheel . . . . . by Joey Sasso	47
Over the Back Fence . . . . .	48
Cover Photograph . . . . . by Pinney from Monkmeyer	

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## Fireside Chat . .

Again *Hearthstone* greets you in a festive mood, for 1950 promises us twelve opportunities to serve Christian families all over the United States. We resolve to give you what you look for—and more!

How about your resolutions, are they made? Here's a tentative list.

**Resolve**—to celebrate Twelfth Night as a fitting finis to the holiday season. Lois Rea gives the details on page 6.

**Resolve**—to find a hobby this year. Everyone should have one according to Mr. Flynn in his article beginning on page 13.

**Resolve**—"To Have and to Hold" for every time the children can't go along—a good baby sitter. Janet Chandler has the solution, or at least some workable ideas.

**Resolve**—to learn all I can about growing children and young people and put that knowledge into practical use. This month both Ann Seeley and Vera Channels have words of wisdom for parents about their children.

**Resolve**—to give children the soundest possible background for marriage through example and wise guidance in adolescent years. What is considered a good basis for marriage? Mr. Johnson answers that question in our first article.

**Resolve**—To bring the teachings of Jesus into my home in deed and word, and to serve him there as a family; to pray with and for my family and take frequent counsel with them as to ways to make our home life more Christian.





Mount of the Holy Cross, Colorado

—R.N.S.

## *My Help Cometh . . .*

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains:  
From whence shall my help come?  
My help cometh from the LORD,  
Who made heaven and earth.  
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:  
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.  
Behold, he that keepeth Israel  
Will neither slumber nor sleep.  
The LORD is thy keeper:  
The LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.  
The sun shall not smite thee by day,  
Nor the moon by night.  
The LORD will keep thee from all evil;  
He will keep thy soul.  
The LORD will keep thy going out and thy coming in  
From this time forth and for evermore.

Psalm 121.

*A*  
*Word*  
*from*  
*The*  
*Word*



# Are They *Ready* to Marry?

By Talmage C. Johnson

**T**HE WORLD in which our young people are to live out their lives is a most uncertain world. No one can predict much about the shape of things to come. A prophet would have to be bold indeed if he undertook to foretell what is in store for modern youth. But at least one thing can be foretold, without the aid of astrology or any other mode of fortunetelling. Young people will continue to get married.

So certain is it, that it would be extremely stupid for young people not to prepare for successful marriage. Happy marriages do not come about by mere chance; young people cannot just drift into them. Instead, they must be intelligently prepared for and planned. But the natural counselors of youth—parents, teachers, ministers, and others—have done little in a positive way to help youth get ready for marriage. Some years ago a

young people get ready for marriage. And young people are showing themselves eager for help.

Senior high school students in one North Carolina county have every year a "Career Day," on which representatives of the various professions and trades are brought in to offer counsel in the choosing of a life's work. Last year some of the students requested a consultant on "homemaking as a career." This year

cause he thinks it will enable him to break away from bad habits formed and "make a man of him." Not infrequently a young person contemplating marriage says of the prospective mate, "Well, I think he, or she, can make me happy." The truth is that nobody can make another person happy, and the search for happiness is futile unless one has within himself the qualities which produce it. It is highly important, to be sure, that

## ● How good is "love at first sight"?

almost every high school senior in the county registered for a similar period of counselling. Of course, not much could be done in the two-hour period allotted. But the significant thing was that these high school students were aware of the fact that they needed help in getting ready for marriage and

one choose a suitable mate, but it is more important still that one *be* a suitable mate.

Marriage calls for changes and new adjustments, but marriage does not fundamentally alter the individual's personality pattern. A young man is sadly mistaken who thinks that some frivolous little flip, without a thought in her head but dancing and parties, will become an efficient housewife, a dependable helpmate, and a capable mother for his children. Likewise the young woman is mistaken who thinks that some irresponsible young wastrel, who knows nothing except how to keep "a hot rod" on the highway or how to "hold his liquor" will make a steady breadwinner, a pleasant companion in an apartment, or a patient

## ● What age is "old enough"?

young girl said, "I wish my father and mother could realize that I am grown up. When I mention marriage, they freeze into silence as though it were something no nice person should discuss. My desire for such knowledge is just as healthy as a desire to know how to get a job. But by their attitude they make it seem something dishonorable."

Fortunately for youth, more help is becoming available. More and more schools and colleges are offering courses intended to prepare young people for marriage and parenthood. They are usually listed as courses in "Human Relationships," "Education for Responsible Parenthood," or by some such title. Increasingly also parents and ministers are informing themselves about how to help

homemaking. Awareness of need almost certainly means the discovery of how to meet that need.

**T**HERE ARE certain primary and basic facts which young people ought to know about marriage and family life. No one is ready for marriage who does not keep

them in mind in planning to get married.

The first of these is that marriage must never be regarded as an escape from something, a way out. The girl who gets married just to get away from home or to get out of work is headed for trouble. So is the boy who gets married be-

## ● What do in-laws count?

and loving father of her children. It may well be true that marriage will bring out the finest qualities in both marital partners, but it is not true that it will make either a man or a woman into a new creature. You have to live with the *sort* of person you marry, and all your efforts to make a different



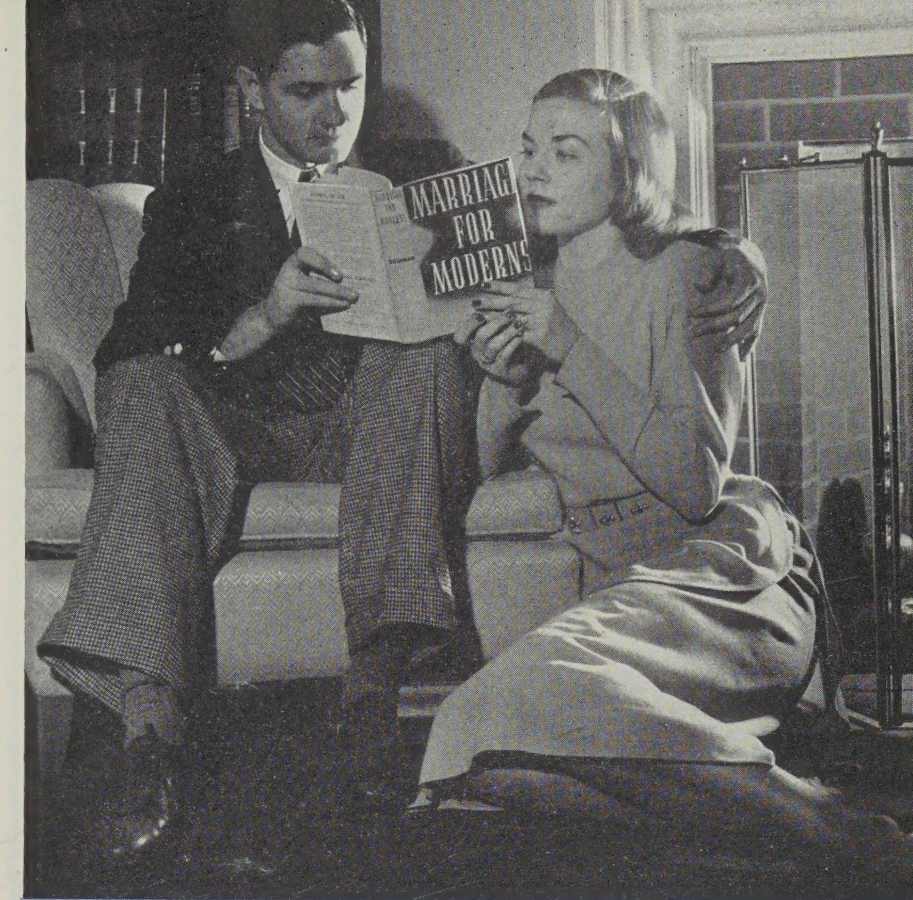
sort of person out of him or her are doomed to failure.

That is why it is highly important that one know what sort of person one is marrying. Marriage between two persons who have had only a short acquaintance with each other and who lack a common background is always fraught with peril. Months, and usually years, of association is necessary in order to know a person well. In the intimacy of marital relations, unsuspected virtues and vices will appear even though the marital partners have known each other from childhood. But they are certainly likely to be less shocking than may appear in a recent acquaintance.

**F**URTHERMORE, marriage is an alliance between two families. A person certainly ought to know much about the family into which he or she is marrying. A girl is often heard to say, "Oh, I am not marrying John's family"; a boy is heard to say, "I'm marrying Jane, not her family." But the fact is that both the boy and the girl are marrying into each other's family. It is foolish not to recognize this fact before marriage, at least to the extent of knowing what kind of people the future in-laws are.

Love at first sight is a possibility. It is a physical attraction, a chemical affinity, an emotional interaction between two people. But it is not an altogether trustworthy thing. It may last or it may not. All that should be expected of it is that it lead to a second, a third, and many more sights. Two people thus drawn to each other may well proceed to test out their first favorable impressions through further association. There is still truth in the saying that "marriage in haste means repentance at leisure."

In these times, however, it must certainly be pointed out that in order to know each other well enough to get married, it is neither necessary nor desirable to test sexual compatibility on the primary level. Some young people have the mistaken notion that pre-marital



—Godsey from Monkmeyer

Common sense goes far in making a successful marriage, as these young people know. Facing problems, seeking help, and making agreements before marrying all build understanding and security.

physical intimacy is needed to determine sexual fitness for marriage. Nothing could be further from the truth. Actually, premarital sex experience is a handicap to successful and happy marriage. It is highly probable that the modern increased sexual promiscuity before marriage is one of the principal causes for the mounting divorce rate of our day. The adjustments demanded in married life are not chiefly physical. Of course, pre-marital physical examination by a competent physician is always desirable.

**Y**OUNG PEOPLE frequently ask, "How old should one be to get married?" No general answer can be given. So many factors are involved that the answer depends upon the individuals concerned. Most young people today

are biologically ready for marriage long before they are emotionally, financially, or otherwise ready. Modern social conditions do not favor early marriages. Young men preparing themselves for some of the professions nowadays often cannot become self-supporting until they are nearly thirty years of age. Many young women expect their husbands to support them on the same high standard of living which their parents have attained after years of work. As a result, marriage is frequently delayed beyond the age at which new personal adjustments are most readily made. Some of the most successful modern marriages therefore are made by young people who have the courage to venture, sometimes against the counsel of more timid parents, and who sacrifice together and share together the hardships of making for themselves a career and a home.

This is not to say that child marriages are a good thing, or that the  
(Continued on page 21.)

● Must they really know each other, or is love enough?



# The Inconceivable Wonder of Eternity

By Jack Finegan

—Lambert

THERE IS A DEEP and widespread longing in the heart of mankind to know about the everlasting life. It appears among the most primitive people and in the most distant prehistoric times. It is so deep within us that for the most part we may not say very much about it. Nevertheless, it is a profound concern to all.

One of the most remarkable statements in the New Testament which bears on this matter is that by the apostle Paul in 1 Corinthians 2:9. Here we read:

But, as it is written,

What no eye has seen, nor  
ear heard,  
nor the heart of man conceived,  
what God has prepared for  
those who love him.

Paul says that eternity is something which no eye has seen. Eternity, then, is as it is when a person unable to see gains sight. Sometimes the great tragedy takes place that a person is born blind, and sometimes a great miracle of healing is possible whereby the person is enabled to see. In the pages of the New Testament there is reference to many who were blind. This is not surprising to anyone who knows the very prevalent eye diseases of the Near East even today. By the marvelous power of Christ some of these persons received sight. In the eighth chapter of Mark we read about the blind man upon whom Jesus placed his healing touch. The man's sight was at first only partially restored and he said, "I see men but they look like trees

walking"; finally he "saw everything clearly." In the ninth chapter of John a man who was born blind was made to see. He declared, "One thing I know, that though I was blind, now I see."

By the marvelous works of medicine and surgery it is sometimes possible in our time too, for one who has been unable to see to gain sight. One such man was Earl Musselman. Blind from birth, he was a student at the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind. At the age of 22, thanks to surgery, he gained his sight and took his first look at the world. Bright flowers delighted him; he found intense pleasure in studying the faces of companions whom he had known previously only by their voices. This young man said, "I won't have to guess at things any more." "Perhaps we shall all say that," wrote the newspaper columnist, Arthur Brisbane, "when we awake on the other side of the grave, and our eyes are opened. Let us hope so. This period of worry would hardly be worth while, if it were all."

What Mr. Brisbane stated hesitatingly, the apostle Paul declared confidently. Eternity is what no eye has seen. It compares to this life in the way the wonderful world of sight compares to the darkness of blindness.

Again in view of this same statement by the apostle Paul we may say that eternity is as it is when nightfall enables us to see the stars that are hidden by day. The stars are up in the sky in the daytime; we simply cannot see them because the light of the sun, which is the star to which we are nearest, is too bright. This light enables us to see everything roundabout us with great clarity, but just because it is so bright, we cannot see the stars at all. We have to wait until the sun goes down and everything grows dark, then we are able to look up and see the glittering splendor of the almost infinite hosts of heaven. It is significant that it takes the darkness to enable us to see the farther reaches of the universe.

Blanco White has written a sonnet on immortality in which he



imagines how terrified the first man must have been when he learned that night was about to fall. He must have trembled for his sky and earth to think that they were about to be enveloped in darkness. Yet, when the flaming sun sank below the horizon and the curtain of darkness was drawn over everything, the evening star came with the whole host of heaven, "and lo, creation widened in man's view." The poet then points out that since light so blinds us to the shining orbs which darkness reveals, perhaps life prevents us from seeing the other side of Death, which we so strive to avoid.

Eternity is also, according to the statement by the apostle Paul, that which no ear has heard. In that case eternity must be as it is when a person who has been unable to hear gains hearing. Helen Keller once wrote an article in which she spoke about how wonderful it would be if she could have only three days in which to see and hear. She told of all the many things in which she would be interested. Then she suggested that those who are fortunate enough to have the full use of their senses should employ them every day as if they were to lose them on the morrow. That makes us realize what a wonderful thing it is to be able to hear all the rich range of sounds in the world. In comparison with the silence of hearing nothing, what a privilege it is to hear the sound of music and of friends' voices. Eternity, Paul suggests, is something which is as wonderful, in comparison with the present realm of sound, as it is in comparison with the realm of silence.

Eternity is also something, Paul says, which the heart of man has not conceived. It is something so inconceivably splendid as to be beyond the range of our present imagining. There are things which lie beyond man's imagination even here. Before 1492 most men had not even imagined the existence of America. To them the Gates of Hercules at the western end of the Mediterranean Sea represented the

absolute end of the world; there was nothing more beyond. The enterprise of Columbus in voyaging across the western ocean and discovering America was one which seems perfectly obvious to us now, but which, in actuality, as a historian has put it, strained the imagination of the fifteenth century to the uttermost. America was inconceivable to most men, nevertheless, it was real. Eternity is like that. It lies quite beyond the reach of our bravest imagination, nevertheless, it is an actuality.

In making these statements, Paul says, "As it is written." Certain of the phrases which he employs may be found in Isaiah 64:4 and 65:17, not however, in the form in which the apostle employs them. It is believed possible, therefore, that Paul was quoting here from an early Christian hymn in which those scriptural phrases had been incorporated. If so, what a fine song it was the early Christians sang. It was a song, the melody and meaning of which, we would like to have in our hearts too.

## *Thank You, God*

Thank you, God, for humble tasks;  
For strength to do what each day asks;  
For days and hours which ever hold  
Some use for me—some need unfold—  
To set my path in useful ways,  
Thank you, God, for busy days.  
Thank you, God, for family, friends,  
For those whose lives on me depend;  
For socks to mend, and rips to sew;  
For cooking, cleaning, grass to mow;  
For tender sharing; sons that say,  
"Mom, tell us a game that we can play."  
For love; for house, become a home;  
For books, and dreams where I may roam  
To distant scenes as fantasy  
Perchance ensnares the Pixie me.  
Thank you, God, for laughter, fun,  
For peace of mind when day is done;  
For evening's calm; for night, its rest,  
Its starlit beauty, moon-caressed;  
For happy waking thoughts at dawn  
To greet the day when night is gone.  
And thank you, too, for times of pain;  
For disappointment's sober vein;  
For grief's demand to help me grow  
In understanding, tuned to know  
Your will, O God—another's cares—  
That every life its own cross bears;  
For tears; heartaches that test my soul,  
That sensitize and make me whole.  
For all the paths my feet must tread—  
For life itself—I thank you God.

—LEWELLYN COWAN.



HAVEN'T YOU WISHED that the Christmas season could be ushered out on the same ascending note which marks its arrival? Every year we revel in the sparkle and light, the fragrance and warmth, which permeate our homes on December 25th. Each time the breezy whiff of the prickly pine bough comes as a dearer scent—the rustle of crisp gift-wrapping comes as a dearer sound. For all of us it is the high spot of the year, but for our children it seems to be over all too soon.

There is such a thing as "second Christmas" or "old Christmas." The legends surrounding January 6, which we call Twelfth Night, reveal some fascinating customs which we might revive in order to end our own festivities with a flourish.

The early Christians celebrated the nativity of Christ for twelve days, placing special emphasis on the twelfth or last day which was observed as the anniversary of the day when the three wise men bowed in adoration before the infant Jesus. The final day was called "Epiphany," which is a Greek word meaning manifestation or appearance. According to Biblical history, Christ's glory was visibly manifested on three different occasions: when the wise men followed the star to his birthplace, when he was baptized by John the Baptist, and at the marriage at Cana when he performed his first miracle. All of these events are supposed to have taken place on January 6.

During the Middle Ages and even as late as the seventeenth century, Epiphany was celebrated as one of the most important festivals of the year. Even to this day it is the custom for the British sovereign to honor the day by making gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh in Chapel Royal, St. James. George III was the last king who appeared in person but offerings are still presented by two officers of the Lord Chamberlain.<sup>1</sup>

ONE FASCINATING LEGEND relates that when the wise men were on their way to Bethlehem from Jerusalem they passed an old woman who was cleaning her

# Twelfth Night

By Lois Rea

house. She asked them where they were going and when they told her, asked them to wait until she could go with them. This they could not do so they advised her to follow when she could. When she had finished her sweeping she started after them but they were out of sight and so she became lost. Ever since that day she has been wandering about the world seeking the infant Jesus.

According to Russian and Italian folklore she goes down chimneys of houses, leaving gifts for children in imitation of the gifts of the Magi, hoping that at last she may find the child she is seeking. In Italy she is known as *Befana*, a corruption of Epiphany. In Russia she is called *Baboushka*. Citizens of Italy have brought this story to America and their children have faith in the old woman as ours do in Santa Claus.

In England and France Twelfth Night was celebrated with ceremonies called "The Feast of the King of the Bean." According to tradition, a large cake was baked with a bean hidden inside it. At the ceremony, which was a neighborhood or community gathering, the cake was cut and a piece given to each person. The one receiving



—Lambert

This family is taking their Christmas tree to be burned with their neighbors' trees during the festivities which originated in Germany. A fitting and not ignoble end to the tree, the tradition also serves as an antidote to the post-Christmas reaction among children.

the bean was crowned King of the Bean and reigned over the festivities until midnight. In certain regions the custom was varied by baking both a pea and a bean inside the cake—or a white bean and a black bean—so that a queen would also be designated. French people still describe one who has had good luck with the proverb, "He has found the bean in the cake."

EPIPHANY EVE was celebrated in an interesting way by the English peasantry in Devon. Each farmer, with his workmen, went into his orchard and gathered around the biggest and most fruitful tree. They took with them a large panful of cider in which roasted apples were floating. Each member of the party took an earthen cupful of the cider with a fragment of apple in it, drank a toast to the tree and then threw the remainder over its trunk. Tradition had it that "wassailing the trees" was necessary to insure a good crop from the orchard in the coming year.

Extending our own Christmas for twelve days is an extremely practical suggestion. Most families will admit that they have diffi-

<sup>1</sup>Curiosities of Popular Customs, by Walsh.



culty in agreeing just when the tree should be taken down. If it hasn't appeared until Christmas Eve, New Year's Day seems a little soon for those who have labored over it. On the other hand it can't be left up indefinitely lest it dry out and become a fire hazard. Twelve days is just long enough and there is a touch of dignity about having a definite removal day. It is a wonderful time for a spurt of hospitality since the hostess has had some rest from the Christmas festivities and big dinners with the relatives—and the children have recovered from the confusion of too many presents. There are usually some neighborhood families who have not been in at all to share your tree and some close friends you haven't had time to see because of family duties. Let's have a party and see how it goes!

Keep it simple, by all means, and geared to the needs of the children. Tell them beforehand that all the decorations will be kept until Twelfth Day and that on that evening there will be a party at your house to celebrate the official close of the season. Whether you should tell them anything more about the events to come depends upon the nature of your own children. Do they derive most of their joy from looking forward to things or do they love best to be surprised? Do they enjoy planning with you or do they make themselves half-sick with too much anticipation?

If they are old enough, you might suggest to them that they work out a simple play, with several of their friends, to present for part of the entertainment. In the old days there was always a masque or a mummer's play sometime during the evening. If they seem interested in this idea they can pick up atmosphere and suggestions by reading a new book for juveniles called *Grandfather Tales*, by Richard Chase.<sup>2</sup> This is a collection of American-English folk tales and the very first one contains a mummer's play given by a group of children on "Old Christmas."

Ask your guests to come immediately after dinner and have dessert with you—for tickets of ad-

## Conclude the Holidays as gaily as you began them—have a Twelfth Night at home.

mission they must bring sprigs or branches from their discarded Christmas trees. These "spirit sprigs" may be collected by your children at the door and placed near the fireplace to be burned later in the evening.

**D**ESSERT, of course, will be the Cake of the Bean, with coffee for grown-ups and hot chocolate for the children. Gather the company around the table for the cutting of the cake, and let the youngest person decide to whom each piece shall be served. This creates a little excitement and all will watch breathlessly to see who gets the surprise, which may be a bean, a penny or a tiny china doll. The person who receives it is given a crown of mistletoe or holly and a wooden spoon for a sceptre—and named king or queen for the evening. He or she immediately chooses a partner to help him rule.

As soon as the king and queen are announced, and let's hope that one at least is a child, the hostess calls them into a cabinet meeting to discuss the plans for the evening. She will make the suggestions, which will be announced as orders by the king. Any party which includes both adults and children needs to be carefully planned so that the children will be entertained but will not become too boisterous for the pleasure of their elders. If there is a storyteller in the crowd he will find good material in the book mentioned above. Christmas records may be used and the children will enjoy giving their play if they have managed to concoct one.

Later in the evening, gather them about the fireplace and tell them the story of the old woman who was sweeping her house when the wise men went by. Since they have all been good children, perhaps she has been down this very chimney and left something for them. Then you can produce a

shiny, cellophane bag filled with surprise walnuts which they can crack by the fire.

The walnuts will have been prepared by you in advance. Get a couple of pounds of the biggest, freshest, unshelled English walnuts you can find. You will also need a tube of transparent cement and a collection of tiny presents, such as dime store rings, stamps, little charms or pennies. To prepare the treasured nuts, insert a sharp pointed knife in the round end of the nut and give it a little twist. The two halves should separate easily, without breaking the shells. Remove kernels, replace them with a treasure and then glue the two halves together again, using just enough cement to hold but not enough to show. Scatter the prepared nuts through the bag so they will not be found immediately. There will be squeals of delight when the first surprise is discovered and it is safe to say that all the nuts will be cracked even if they are not eaten.

The walnuts may be used to introduce the stories about farmers wassailing their trees for a good crop. Tell them also that it used to be considered bad luck to keep any decorations longer than Twelfth Night. If you wish, you can make a little ceremony out of taking down the wreaths and letting the children put away the creche. Each person may now be invited to drop his evergreen sprig upon the fire and make a wish or a prayer for the coming year. Careful supervision is needed here, for of course the pieces must not be too large or the fire will get out of bounds. The children will probably want to sing one last Christmas carol and the party will be over but not forgotten. Christmas will have become a richer, more creative experience than ever, and it may be you will have established a tradition of your own, to be repeated again and again through the coming years.

<sup>2</sup>Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston, 1948.



# JUST to Be LOVED

By

Adaline Scott

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL GROUT



Kirk glanced sideways at his grandmother's face. He wondered what she would look like if she smiled, but he guessed she never did because all the lines curved downward.

IT DIDN'T TAKE small Kirk long to realize how his grandmother felt about him. The moment she approached him at the station, he saw the tightness around her mouth as she said, "So you are Marlene's boy."

He wanted to point out that he was his dad's son, too. But something in her expression halted him. And, besides, both Marlene, his mother, and John, his father, were dead. So actually he wasn't anybody's little boy, now.

Gran's eyes held a hint of shock as they went over his shabby clothes and the way his wrists

stuck out of the sleeves of his coat. And he felt ashamed.

The tall, elderly woman didn't make any attempt to kiss him or even shake hands with him. She merely inclined her head and said, "I have a cab waiting. Come."

He followed her like an unhappy puppy. In the seat he crammed himself into a knot in the corner to keep his worn coat from touching her pretty silk dress. He sat very still, his eyes riveted on the window.

It wasn't anything like he had expected. If he'd known, he would have run away before letting them put him on the train to his grandmother's.

He thought of the fields back home with his father's crop in straight rows. He remembered the kitchen that smelled of thyme that his mother sprinkled on the stove-lids. Pictures of his mom and dad seemed to flick in front of him. Smiling images. They always smiled at him and each other.

Kirk glanced sideways at his grandmother's face. And he wondered what she would look like if she smiled. But he guessed she never did, because all the lines curved downward.

She must have felt his gaze, for suddenly she turned her head and spoke. "We'll have to get some



new clothes for you." It was a flat statement and asked for no reply.

Before this, Kirk had never been particularly conscious about what he was wearing. He didn't even notice that he was poor. There was always everything he wanted.

There were his mom's good food, plain but plenty of it, and the snugly bed of goose feathers. There were the warm wood fire on chilly days and the toys his dad made for him out of odds and ends. And there was the whole wide world around him, filled with sky and birds and trees and every other wonder for a small boy's delight.

**M**AYBE IF his grandmother had come to visit them just once she would have learned to laugh. He began to feel sort of sorry for her.

His sympathy carried him away for a moment. "Did you—did you know my mother and father?" he asked, forgetting his timidity.

The woman shot him an astonished glance. "Surely you're aware that your father was my son," she said.

Of course, he did know when he stopped to think about it. Only, it seemed hard to understand.

"Your mother?" she added stiffly, "I never met her."

And Kirk thought that you didn't have to be any older than eight years to know that his grandmother didn't like his mom. But it seemed queer, since they never even saw each other.

Further talk was cut off, however, when the cab stopped in front of a huge house with a border of grass and hedge. Kirk scrambled out after the woman and waited while she paid the driver.

Inside, the house was large and crowded with furniture and shadows. Kirk felt his heart grow heavier, and it seemed as if it were dragging him down into a dark, bottomless well. The sickening sense of loss and bewilderment that he'd experienced when his parents were killed in the cyclone struck him again. But he held the tears in check, because only babies cry.

His grandmother asked, "Are you hungry?"

**His parents gone, Kirk expected little of others, but he desperately wanted to belong to someone.**

"No, ma'am," he answered tightly. And he wondered miserably if he would ever be able to eat in this gloomy place under the woman's critical eyes.

She showed him briefly around the house. "Just to get your bearings," she told him. "And I do hope," she added, "that you're going to behave and not break things."

He promised meekly, "Yes, ma'am," as he stepped beside her like an old, weary child.

"This," she said finally, "is your room." It was smaller than the others, and there was more light in it. But the bed was flat and hard, the walls, high and cold, and the whole room smelled of camphor.

She left him to wash up, with instructions about not leaving marks on the basin and hanging towels straight. Kirk was painfully careful about obeying her.

**H**IS GRANDMOTHER was speaking over the telephone when he started down the stairs. He moved quietly so he wouldn't disturb her, his legs feeling wooden and uncertain.

Then something she said, arrested him. "The boy is really a stranger to me. . ."

Kirk caught in his breath. He felt hot and longed to plunge out of the house and away—back to where he used to live, for at least the people there would not feel about him as his grandmother did. Yet, all he could do for the moment was squeeze the banister in an aching grip.

"You're my closest friend, Martha, and I have to talk to somebody," she went on. "When John went west for a visit, he met and married this farm girl, Marlene. I was hurt and disappointed, at the time, that he wanted to stay there with her. But now I realize I should have gone to them. They must have been frightfully poor. It . . . it breaks my heart. . ."

Kirk stared in amazement. His

grandmother was crying! She was sorry for his mom and dad and him. His heart reached out to her hesitantly. And all at once he seemed to understand about her abrupt ways. Why—why, she was just covering up like he did sometimes when something frightened or saddened him.

Time and again he'd been cross throughout a storm, because he was afraid. And there was the day the neighbor told him that his mom and dad were dead—he beat his fists angrily upon the kindly man to fight the desperate blackness inside himself.

Kirk heard her hang up the telephone. He went down the remaining steps, and she turned, startled.

"Gran," he began, "you don't have to feel bad about us. . ."

And then he heard himself telling her about his dad's little farm. About the blossoms in the spring that transformed the countryside into a fairyland. About "Pretty," the cow, with her soft brown eyes and her golden milk. And the kitchen full of sunlight that made mom's pans sparkle like real silver. Simply, he told a story of happiness and abundance and richness of living, not realizing it as he spoke.

"We had a lot of fun," he concluded, and tears stood in his eyes.

The woman put out her arms suddenly, and this was the language he knew. He went into them without hesitation and pressed his head against her cheek.

"John's son," she said on a soft, choked note. "My grandson. . ."

Kirk noticed that this time she forgot about mentioning he was his mom's boy, too. But it really didn't matter. His grandmother knew that.

She drew him into her lap, and he leaned against her. For the first time since the cyclone, he felt secure. The big house with its shadows, the flat, hard bed none of these made any difference. His grandmother loved him.



# To Have and to Hold—

## *A Good Baby Sitter*

By Janet Chandler

**H**AVE YOU BEEN having trouble keeping a good baby sitter? Finding and training a good sitter is the most important part of keeping her. It takes time and thought to select a sitter with whom you will like to leave Johnny (and with whom he will like being left!), but it is definitely worth it.

The best way to find a good sitter is usually through another satisfactory sitter. High school or college authorities or friends who have interested young relatives are also potential sources of supply.

You will want to be sure that your potential sitter is old enough or mature enough for the responsibility he or she is undertaking.

A careful first interview with the applicant will save you trouble later on. You will want to discover if he (young men are available in many communities now and have their own special advantages, particularly if you have school age boys) or she is intelligent, reasonably mature, patient and understanding with children, experienced or at least willing to learn, and whether he or she is a responsible young person who takes the job seriously. Most of this will be apparent as you talk together about your Johnny and his particular needs and problems.

Probably you will want to ask the applicant's permission to talk with two or three references. Talking with his or her parents will give you some idea of what the family's home life has been. The school principal or a favorite teacher or perhaps a friend can help you understand your sitter. The family's doctor can tell you of any health problems which might make it inadvisable to employ the applicant.

Johnny should have a chance to get acquainted with Sue (or Bill) during that first interview. It is an excellent opportunity for you to observe her attitude toward your youngster and they will both feel more comfortable the first time she "sits" with him if they have had a little time together beforehand.

**T**HE FIRST TIME a new sitter comes is a crucial one for all concerned—Johnny, the sitter, and you. Be sure you have told Johnny you are going out; where and why; also when you will be home; and that Sue will stay with him. Tell him early in the day and mention it again casually once or twice before time to leave. When that time comes, he will be used to the idea. Sneaking off, as some parents still do, does nothing but make the child insecure and distrustful of his parents. Sue will not thank you for making her job harder, either! Say goodbye soon after the sitter has come and remind Johnny again that you will tell him about the party tomorrow. The promise of a treat or present does wonders in tiding a young child over that first strangeness of staying with a new person.

Does Sue know where everything is that she will need? Clothing, food, medicines? What is she to do in emergencies? She should have your address and telephone number and know how to reach your doctor and a relative or friend if necessary.

Both Sue (or Bill) and Johnny should know that you expect the sitter to tell you what happens while you are gone, as a matter of course, since you and she are working together for Johnny's happiness. The sitter will enjoy that feeling of partnership. And Johnny will not resent your being told about the difficult moments if he knows Sue will also tell you the nice things he did.

**D**O YOU ALWAYS REMEMBER to praise your sitter when she has handled a particular situation well? It's a great morale-builder.

When the sitter has not handled things as you would have done, it is probably because she did not understand what you wanted. Instead of scolding her for spanking Johnny, perhaps even dismissing her and telling your friends what a flop *she* turned out to be, how about talking it over together, explaining carefully your pet theories of child care and the reasons for them? It is a lot better for Johnny—and you—to work out a smooth relationship with one reliable sitter than to change every week or so and never have one you can fully trust.

If Johnny feels that you like Sue and have confidence in her, he will soon feel the same way about her, so *never* discuss your child's sitter critically before him. It will help, too, if you see to it that Johnny has plenty of play materials—books, games, records, dolls, clay, vehicles—so Sue can help him have fun while you are gone.

Once you have a good sitter, do not spoil her by loading on extra work. You and Sue agreed at the first on her hourly wage for sitting. If she is expected to wash dishes, too, or do other housework, naturally this wage should be higher. Also, you can not reasonably expect her to be quite as patient with Johnny nor as interested in his play if she is polishing silver at the same time she is watching him. Incidentally, even a five or ten cent an hour raise is encouraging to a young sitter. You will be a popular employer if you offer the usual wage in your neighborhood and, for better than usual service, "mm, and a little bit more."

When you have a sitter who is devoted to you and your Johnny, and Johnny enjoys your days off if Sue (or Bill) will be staying with him, you will feel richly rewarded for your care in choosing and training an adequate parent-substitute.





—H. Armstrong Roberts.

# Keep Up-to-Date, Mom— (And You, Too, Dad!)

By Ann M. Seeley

## *Song of Youth*

The old men sit and sun themselves  
And wag a clacking tongue  
To let their words of wisdom fall  
As warning to the young—  
But, being young and full of life,  
I feel impelled to go  
To see what lies beyond the hills  
And where the rivers flow.

And I must take the rocky road  
Though it should try me sore,  
And I must scale the rugged ledge  
That guards the waiting shore.  
I cannot listen to the old,  
However sage they be,  
For I must live my life and find  
My love to go with me.

—HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

get-together. As a child, when Sue telephoned Grandmother or a little friend, parents let it be known that they thought it was cute. But when Sue tries the same thing as a teen-ager (and doesn't use good judgment as to when to hang up, as probably her Mother didn't!) Father thinks it's most unnecessary—and Mother says she's being perfectly silly.

From the time he was old enough to grasp it in his tiny hand, Father and Mother have both seen to it that Ed had plenty of little toy automobiles to enjoy. There were red ones and blue ones, yellow and green ones. As he grew a little, there were mechanical ones, with wheels that moved. There were fire trucks and dump trucks, and then day of days—one big enough to sit on or in, with push-pedals. Ed was encouraged to ride on the sidewalk out front. All this was designed to bring out his manly interest in things mechanical and automotive. Then came the day when, as a teen-ager, Ed felt the time had come to be done with these baby things, and graduate

AH, MOM won't let me go!" He stood there, going on six feet, with shoes as big as his father's. He was plainly embarrassed to have to give such a reason for not going with his friends. Sparking out through his embarrassment was anger at having been treated, to his notion, like a child.

To be a teen-ager is sometimes very confusing. Parents vacillate in their treatment. They expect these young people to soak up Latin, and algebra, and trig; to

help with man-sized jobs around the house. Yet they sometimes issue ultimatums which are more stringent than those given in childhood.

Ever since she can remember, Sue has heard her Mother visit with friends over the telephone. They chat about the matters of weather, what each is doing at the particular time of the phone call, what each plans to do for the rest of the day, exchange news about other friends, sometimes plan a



to the family car—a natural sequence. “Indeed not! You’re too young!” Or, after months of coaxing, finally achieving the privilege of being taught to drive, “No, you can’t have the car tonight, and that’s final!” Of course Ed’s father and mother may have had good reasons for their refusals, but too often they didn’t bother to help Ed see their point of view.

Clothes, both amount and style, is another phase of the teen-ager’s life where tensions are built up within the home. The urge to be like other folks is especially strong at this time in life. Having whatever “the new look” happens to be in their particular school is of vital interest and necessity to the teen-ager. Most everyone in this well-dressed America likes to look up-to-date, and in style . . . at least, to attempt it! Inherent in each of us is the desire for approval of our fellowmen. The teen-ager feels it, too. Everyone has to work out the problem some way. Some will find it possible to have the latest in clothes and accessories. Others won’t be able to have so many, and will have to learn to care for what they do have. Perhaps the latter are the more fortunate, for they are learning one of the important lessons in life. But, having worked up to some new school clothes, most of the joy of the new acquiring can be erased with a careless, “What! Fifteen dollars for *that* sloppy-looking outfit!” on the part of Dad.

Sue has been teased about her “boy friend,” and Ed about his “girl friend” since long before either knew what the term meant. But now it’s not so funny! There are dates, and late hours to be coped with frequently. Family life becomes a little more complicated. The family record-player comes alive with some of the weirdest tunes, and Dad feels like turning the thing off and yelling, “Do you kids call *that* music?”

Even such a sacred step as joining the church can become a source of conflict during these fearfully-wonderful years of the teens. If the step hasn’t been taken during younger years, Mother and Dad sometimes become panicky, and

overdo the “every one in the family but you” or “but your grandfather was a minister” lines of attack.

These teen-agers have had their childhood during the confusion of the war years. Money was flowing rather freely. A big emphasis was placed on the THINGS we couldn’t get. Values were askew. Parents were busy making money. In many cases, Dad was out somewhere fighting for the democratic principles of life. It was outside organizations, in many cases, which tried to help them keep their feet on the ground—the church, community organizations, the schools. Is it really any wonder that there is a lot of mental and spiritual re-organization going on in their minds, which we must sympathetically try to understand?

We owe these young people a lot, both home and church. They have been through difficult years. They need, as never before, the

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**Who is the happiest of men?  
He who values the  
merits of others,  
And in their pleasure takes  
joy, even as though it  
were his own.**

—Goethe.

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love and companionship of parents and other adult friends. If we are to meet that need, we will have to try to analyze “why is a teen-ager,” to understand their problems—trying to see things through their eyes. And above all, to keep ourselves growing with them.

Often we take each other for granted, both in the home and in the church. We are aware that the other is there, but go on about the ordinary routine of living without too much recognition of special needs and interests. Just because adults and young people are members of the same family does not preclude that they will understand each other, or get along without tensions. Just because adults and young people are members of the same church fellowship does not necessarily mean that we can go on doing the same old things in the same old way—and

expect to thrill and challenge the loyalty of youth.

Parents must earn the real respect and confidence of their children, just as they earn the respect and confidence of friends in the other relationships of life. Perhaps the same methods we use in furthering other friendships could be used in deepening ties with our teen-agers.

When we are in the process of forming a friendship, we try our best to talk about what the other person is interested in; we try to be with our new friend often; we multiply our experiences together, and talk them over. As the friendship deepens, we find ourselves sharing some of our knowledge along the way, putting together ideas, sometimes coming out with a new and better one for having talked things over. In other words, we grow with our friends.

Could it be so with teen-agers? Just being a parent doesn’t automatically make one a real mother or dad! It must be worked upon. Take time to talk about the things your teen-ager is concerned and interested about. Spend time together. Share ideas; air some of yours, and be respectful of his or hers! It really hasn’t been *that* long ago since you were a teen-ager, that you can’t remember some of the crazy ideas you had! A little reminiscence will help you to be more tolerant of “crazy ideas!”

When the going gets a little rough, remember that if God had intended for us to be born with all knowledge and ability, he would have created us that way. But he didn’t. He created us in such a way that we would have to be teen-agers *before* we could be adults. He knew that adult life would mean more, if we could have a time of “wing-trying” beforehand.

Don’t let a wall be built between you and that precious teen-ager. Keep up with him, give a willing ear to his ideas, and hopes and dreams. Help him develop the attitudes which will make a right-thinking adult of him. It will take a deep faith in God’s plan, and a sense of humor equal to any emergency, *but it will be worth it!*



If you haven't got one, get one, for you're . . .

# Never Too Old for a HOBBY

By Clarence Edwin Flynn



—R.N.S.

A hobby that can be enjoyed, done skilfully and to the benefit of others—that is what knitting for the Red Cross is to this elderly lady.

EVERY AGE NEEDS A HOBBY, though for changing reasons. Youth needs it for pleasure and the release of energy. Maturity needs it for diversion, concentration, relaxation, and change. Age needs it for company, to keep its disposition normal, and to make the years of retirement still worth while in some constructive way. To younger people a hobby is an aid, to older ones it is a necessity. The older person who does not think he needs a hobby, or who considers it beneath his dignity or out of keeping with his years, should reconsider the matter.

As the reason for our need of hobbies change as time goes on, the nature of the hobbies we need may change also. The diversion of youth may have so developed that it has become adequate for the later years; but the chances are that changes in the point of view, the physical powers, and the needs of the mind may make a new one necessary.

For instance, I knew an elderly man who came to feel the need for a hobby, and decided to resume the one he had most enjoyed in his youth, namely amateur photography. This proved to be a case in which the man had not outgrown the hobby, but the hobby had outgrown the man. He still enjoyed the work and felt the lure of it; but he found that because of the great progress that had been made in the construction of cameras and in the development of materials and processes the old simple diversion had become a very complex and exacting one. This he might have mastered, but one really forbidding thing got in his way. He found that he had a hard time doing exact focusing through his bifocal spectacles, but could not do any at all without them. Being a sensible man, he changed to something better suited to the altered powers of the newer self he had become.

A good hobby has a health value in both the physical and mental senses. For any age it helps keep back the corroding effect of worry and to exteriorize or sublimate wrong attitudes before they develop into neuroses and complexes. It also helps keep the mind off its fears. Few people with suitable hobbies worry themselves sick for fear something is wrong with them. The highly successful occupational therapy work done in mental hospitals is simply a system of planned and supervised hobbies for the patients.

THE LATER YEARS have their own peculiar problems of mood and viewpoint. The older person left alone in the world has a battle with such loneliness as only people in that situation can know. A worth-while hobby is at least a partial answer. Only yesterday I heard such a person asked if he got lonely, and answered that he was too busy to think much about it.

Older people have to be especially watchful of health conditions. They often have financial problems. They can easily get to thinking about the past, and thus become moody and brooding. These things are very harmful if allowed to persist, but they are prevented from working their accustomed damage to one who has some suitable diversion for his odd hours.

The time of retirement from work or business is a real problem. During working years we may think retirement time will be wonderful. Even when it comes one may exult that now he is free. For awhile he enjoys his liberty, then he begins to miss his work and associates. Soon he is complaining that he is a has-been.

(Continued on page 40.)



**A sight—just a sight! That's what Irene thought of her sister-in-law—and her house. Tom was a fool to live in such a muss.**

# You Left the HEART Out

By Helen J. Reichenbach

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE BENSON

**I**RENE FLAGG'S housekeeping was like a glacier—exact, but cold. There was something cold about Irene, too, even her looks. Her eyes were a cool, frosty gray and she smiled rarely. One looked in vain for a hair astray in her neat dark upsweep, or a button missing, or even a run in her everyday stockings. With Irene, there simply was no such thing.

Her husband—well, the neighbors spoke of him as “poor Harry.” No doubt that was because of the rules and regulations they knew Irene held him to. Still, on the surface the marriage was like a calm sea. Women even envied Irene a little.

Now imagine the upheaval when suddenly all this perfection came to an end—and all because of poor Harry, too. One day he was transferred to another town—to Irene's old home town, at that, where her mother and married brother still lived.

At first, Irene was furious about it, but presently she saw the practical side in such a move. There was Mother, getting along in years. She still lived alone in the big old home and managed her affairs very well indeed. But there was always the possibility of something happening, and then it would be just too bad to have a stranger stepping in, getting things all messed up. The thought brought a sharp frown to Irene's face. You see, the stranger in this case was her brother Tom's wife, Ruby. . .

Now there was a one! No bigger than a minute, yet winding big Tom Spence around her finger like so much baby ribbon. Irene

sniffed as she recalled one thing and another she had seen with her very own eyes.

For one thing, Ruby was an atrocious housekeeper. Then, in this day and age, when thinking people simply did not put a lot of children into an already overpopulated world, Ruby had five. So many millstones around poor Tom's neck, Irene always thought.

Well, now, maybe she could do something to straighten things out a little for him, poor blind dear. The hope gave the prospective move no small amount of glamour. With a new heart, Irene began to pack.

“I don't see how Tom can stand that shiftless way of living.” It was Irene talking to her mother one morning shortly after she had moved back to town. The two women were sitting on Mother Spence's back porch, over a sort of second breakfast, looking over at Tom's place that was just across the way. “When you think how he was brought up. . .” She choked with emotion.

Mother Spence's eyes, so kind and filled with the wisdom that only the years can bring, dwelled on the doghouse, the swing, and all the other debris in the yard across the way. She sighed a little. “Children must have someplace to play, dear,” she pointed out.

“I can't stand clutter!” she said, impatiently.

“You have no children—you don't understand. . .”

“That's a lot of rubbish—oh, forgive me, dear, but you know my

views on the matter. I don't believe in putting children into such a world as this has become. I. . .”

“Why, what's the matter with it?” the old lady asked, innocently.

“Mother!” Irene cried impatiently. “You know very well what I mean! But don't say any more. I understand. Tom's your adored son, and Ruby's married to him. They can do no wrong! But as I see it, he's still a big softy being taken in by a shiftless woman. Look at that clothesline sagging over there; look at that perfectly useless dog; look at that. . . But what's the use talking further! I see you're all sold on them. But one of these days I'm going to tell Tom a thing or two, even if he is my brother. Oh, don't look so horrified—I intend to be very tactful when I do so. . .”

Irene was hanging out the last of her washing. That meant that it was Monday morning, and exactly 6:45. She pushed on the last clothespin and glanced over toward Tom's. Nothing on the line over there, yet, she noted with a little grimace. Tom's truck was gone, and the dog was not around. No doubt Tom had gone to work, and as for the dog, well, he was probably in the house, waving that big shedding tail of his all over. Tek! Tek!

Well, thought Irene, she'd wait a bit and then go over and see. This was a good day for it. She was right in the mood. . .

“My goodness! Aren't you folks washing!”

It was not a question Irene called out as she came in the back



way, but a reprimand so sharp that it brought up the golden head of Tom's thirteen-year-old daughter, Ruthie, from her book in a hurry. Her big brown eyes were round. But when she saw who her visitor was, she smiled widely, showing teeth so even and white you could hardly take your eyes away. She was completely at ease.

One thing about Tom and Ruby, thought Irene with swift and sudden appreciation, they do have beautiful children. In spite of her disapproval, her heart went out to this golden girl lounging over a book at eight in the morning—not until her accusing eyes had swiftly noted that Ruthie had washed the breakfast dishes and cleaned up a little, however.

"Where's your mother?" she asked.

"Mom went picnicking with the boys," said Ruthie, closing her book on a carefully-placed finger. "School's going to start pretty soon, and they did want to go so badly." She smiled cheerfully at her shocked aunt.

"Picnicking!" Irene sat down quickly on the nearest chair.

"Uh-huh," Ruthie smiled. "I wanted to go, too, but there's dad's dinner to get. Mom is henny about that." Again the laugh of a happy child. "I'm taking care of the baby anyway, so I don't mind too much. Usually we take her. But today mom wasn't sure the weather would hold. Karen adores going. Mom takes an old hammock along and hangs it under the trees. You should see Karen. . . ."

Irene steadied her swimming head. Picnicking. Hammocks. It was just too much. She glanced into the adjoining room where a golden-haired child slept under a blue blanket, and was suddenly conscious of a queer, hot loneliness, a left-out feeling she didn't understand. Her bewildered eyes sought Ruthie's. The girl was regarding her steadily, almost curiously.

Quickly Irene recovered her poise. "I must say it's strange, this way of traipsing about that your mother has," she said. "Barging about the woods, along a messy river. . . ."



Now, over at Tom's, where a sort of good-natured jumble constantly prevailed, Tom whistled and sang around the house, put his feet up on things, and called Ruby "Honeybunch." Such gaiety from a husband was too deep for Irene.

"Oh, mother adores that!" cried Ruthie. "You aren't one bit hep to Mother, Auntie. She'd rather go with us kids like that than—well do a lot of other things, like shows and the like. You see," she added, in a soberer tone, "Mother doesn't get out much. I think it's super when she does."

Oh, to see such adoration in big brown eyes. Again Irene felt the sense of loss. She could think of nothing to say. But there wouldn't have been time anyway, for just then a big blond man came in the back door—Tom.

"Ruthie!" he sang out. "Look and see if there's a pair of good

socks some place, will you? These I put on this morning have holes in 'em. Hurts my foot—Oh, hello, Sis," he added lightly, at the sight of his sister. He was completely undisturbed by the fact that she had just heard something not meant for her ears, at all.

While Ruthie rummaged through drawers in the other room, Tom and Irene chatted idly. Irene's mind raced about. If only she could think of something clever to say, right now. Something that would open his eyes to a few facts. But it would have to be done with the utmost finesse. She knew her brother Tom.



She began carefully.

"I don't see how Ruby can stand running about in the woods," she commented. "Besides, where does she find the time?"

Tom frowned. He threw off a shoe. "What do you mean, time?" he asked, darkly.

"Well, for this—this picnicking business. I have no family and yet I am busy morning, noon, and night. Look at my washing out there on the line. If I didn't get that out on Mondays, well. . . ." She paused to sigh and let him think what he would.

Ruthie came and handed her father fresh socks. He took them wordlessly and began to put them on.

Irene watched him. She hoped the red that was rising slowly to his face was a blush for Ruby. But it was quite the opposite. He was annoyed and Irene knew it. When he spoke, it was with the rudeness that is not uncommon between brothers and sisters, even when they get along well.

"You always were a hand to rush around and tear the house down—getting everything whirled up with your confounded schedule," he told her with a short, hard laugh. He began to lace a shoe rapidly. "I'm glad Ruby's not one of those super-housekeepers. Gets a man crazy, if you ask me." He winked at Ruthie standing there open-mouthed. When he rose to try out his shoe, he leaned over and dropped a kiss on her pretty nose. "Mummy is tops with us, isn't she, hon?" he asked, playfully. Then he turned to Irene and kissed her fleetingly on the tip of hers. "Take it easy, Sis," he advised with twinkling eyes. "You'll last longer if you do."

Frozen with indignation, Irene could only sit there and stare after him as he breezed gayly away. Why, the great big ninny. He was as blind as a baby—and as contented to stay that way.

"Don't mind Dad," Ruthie put in soothingly. "He doesn't mean to be unkind—really. Dad's really terribly sweet."

Irene blinked back furious tears. Let him go—until another time.

Right now this child's love, her sympathy and loyalty were almost too much. Irene groped blindly about in her purse.

"Here," she said, in a choked sort of way. "Here. Go buy yourself some little gadget—some little thing. I—I don't know what you girls like. Lipstick—perfume. . . ."

Ruthie took the dollar bill with shining eyes. "Oh, Auntie!" she gasped. "Thanks—thanks. But I won't buy such goony things. That would be too redick. Look here. . . ." She reached to a shelf from which she took a handleless cup. "Look. We're all saving," she confided eagerly. "Every one of us. Lester with his paper route; Larry does weeding; and so on. Even Freddy puts in a penny now and then. You'd die, Auntie, to see us. . . ."

"But what for?"

"Hold everything, Auntie, I'm coming to that. We're buying a new chair for Dad!" She paused to stand back and look starry-eyed at her aunt, waiting for the proper reaction. "Does he ever need one!" she went on with a dramatic roll of brown eyes. "His old one is gone—shot! Mother simply can't fix it any more. . . ."

A new chair for Dad. Irene thought that over later, while she dusted her living room. Her eyes roamed complacently from one ar-

ticle to another. None of her chairs needed replacing, especially one for Harry, for there was no such thing. Imagine having a special chair for a man! A lot of nonsense, Irene called that sort of thing. Not only did it give a man a false sense of importance, but anybody could tell you that such a chair soon showed the wear and tear it got, hideously.

She had always been rather clever in side-stepping this particular thing, she recalled with satisfaction. On summer nights when Harry roamed vaguely about for a place in which to read, she had suggested lightly, "Why not read out on the porch, dear?"

And in the winter, it had been the same. "Read out here in the kitchen," she had told him, and he had always been like a lamb about it.

And yet—Irene frowned a little. In spite of his docility, Harry was a conundrum to her. He really was.

Here was a house, so well kept it shone and sparkled, yet Harry only slept when he was home. It made her sick. First, he'd read awhile, then he'd doze, and by and by he'd yawn and say, "Well, guess I'll go up to bed."

Now over at Tom's, where a sort of good-natured jumble constantly prevailed, Tom whistled and sang around the house, whittled in the living room for his kids, put his feet up on things, and called Ruby honeybunch. It was too deep for Irene. She blinked back tears of quick, hot, self-pity, and rubbed polish onto an end table with angry force.

"Hello, Irene! Are you home?"

It was Ruby's lilting call and quick step on Irene's back porch. Irene looked up from her ironing and thought, the way she always thought at the sight of her sister-in-law, what on earth does Tom see in her?

It was true. One could think that, if one did not stop to notice the fine dark eyes, the wide generous mouth, and that certain little something, that, as an old song has it, would not let you go. When

(Continued on page 37.)



"We have decided after some deliberation to take that cute little chair."



# Bringing Up Brothers

## —and Sisters, Too

By Vera Channels

SOME BROTHERS and sisters seem to adore each other. And, sadly enough, others seem to be at swords' points most of the time. What makes the difference? What can we do to help our children enjoy each others' company?

Children in the same family show such marked differences that we wonder how they could be related. However, no two children can possibly be brought up in the same environment. Mother, Father, Sister, and Brother are all seated around the breakfast table together and to all appearances are enjoying identical environments. But it is not the same for any one of them. For Sister, it contains a brother. For Brother, it contains a sister. The father's and mother's feelings toward the two children are different. Not only is this true, but each child is endowed with separate physical, mental, and emotional equipment which reacts in different ways to his environment. He develops different attitudes about life and different ways of meeting his life problems. Indeed, the only equality that children can claim is the equal need to be treated in accordance with their own individual personalities.

Being first in the family is an important place and retains much of the glamor as well as the responsibility throughout a child's life. Thus, the eldest in the family is looked up to for advice and help. A first child usually upsets the family routine and makes a little tyrant of himself. He soon realizes that he is an important person and he becomes quite self-confident of his powers. And the more assured he is of his essential worth and power, the more let down he will be when he has some competition in the form of a younger brother or sister.

There are both advantages and disadvantages in being first in the family. Though it does carry with



—Walter Hering

The arrival of a baby brother changes Kenny's environment, which in turn influences his attitude toward the baby. Developing a loving relationship is the tedious task of thoughtful parents.

it great importance and undivided attention for a time, it also carries with it great responsibilities and some disappointments.

BEING SECOND in the family sometimes means that a child is second in everything if he is not treated as a separate individual. To a second child it may seem that being older has untold advantages. It may seem that the older brother or sister always gets his own way because he is bigger and stronger and was there first. Sometimes second children faced with such strong competition, shrink back into their shells and become withdrawn and shy. Sometimes they lash out vigorously against the older child and become aggressive and competitive. At other times, second children strike out for themselves in an entirely different direction and we have an entirely new and different type of person.

Sometimes parents and teachers are unwise and expect a second child to be just like the first, especially if they happen to look alike and are of the same sex. Sometimes the second is expected to walk and talk and perform for guests just like the first to be easy going, excel in Latin, and be head of the class just like the first. Such comparisons are harmful for all of the children involved.

If parents and teachers are wise they will not make it necessary for a second child to go the extreme in asserting his individual personality. If he is accepted from the very first as a distinctive person-



ality, he will be much happier and will develop into a stronger person. Just how is this second child different? What can you do to meet his special individual needs?

If there is a third child, the second is in a very bad spot. Being neither older nor younger but just middle has many disadvantages. Those who are "middle" children maintain that this is the worst of all possible places to be. Being third is much like being second only there are two older ones to do the bossing and two older ones to set an example to be followed.

**J**EALOUSY AMONG CHILDREN in the same family is natural and to be expected. Many people consider that the most normal relationship for brothers and sisters is for them to hate each other heartily at times and to love each other with equal vigor at other times. Open quarreling and statements of dislike aren't going to ruin youngsters. It's healthy and wholesome for them to express the real resentments they have against their brothers and sisters. And why shouldn't they be resentful? They have to share the affection of their parents, the love and attention they would like for themselves alone.

Most older children would like to be rid of the new baby. That's a normal reaction to a new addition. They may express their feeling openly by slapping the baby or they may express them indirectly by trying to be a baby again themselves or by developing any number of attention getting devices. Of course, hitting or slapping the baby can't be permitted but talking about it can and should be permitted. Suppose a child says, "Mother, I don't like the baby." Most mothers reply something like this, "Why Sonny, don't you know that it's naughty not to like your own little sister. Aren't you ashamed to talk like that?" After a while Sonny doesn't say anymore but he goes on feeling just the same. How much wiser for a mother to reply, "I'm glad you're telling me how you feel about the baby. Most big brothers and sisters do feel that way. You want to be mean to the baby because he takes so much of my time. When you feel that way, just come and tell me." It is a wonderful thing for a child to feel that he can express his feelings honestly to his mother

and confide his worries and anxieties. Stopping such remarks, nipping them in the bud, kills a child's confidence and paves the way for bad relationships ahead.

The best antidote for jealousy is love and understanding. Punishment only convinces a jealous child that his mother really does love the baby most of all. Encourage your children to express how they really feel about each other; let them air their disagreements and get things off their chests; let each one be himself; teach them to develop their individual talents; help them to an appreciation of each other rather than rivalry with one another.

**T**HE WAY THAT we learn to feel about our brothers and sisters as we are growing up often has a great effect on the way we act when we are adults. When we look beneath the surface of adult temper tantrums, we often find that there are hidden forces. Perhaps they had feelings of inability to achieve, of continued failure from the time that they were children. Perhaps competition with older and more brilliant brothers and sisters caused a great deal of resentment which they were never permitted to express. As they grew older they hid their jealousy and hatred yet the desire to strike out and destroy persisted through the years. When these adults experience failure, they often throw things. They are striking back for what they felt were injustices in their childhood. The fact that they have forgotten all these things does not mean that they do not exist and continue to influence behavior.

All of these factors have been operating with brothers and sisters in the family as long as they have lived together. They leave their impression on each individual and influence his personality.

There are innumerable difficulties which may arise between brothers and sisters. But there are none which can't be ironed out with a little understanding and patience and appreciation of the rights of each individual in the family. When parents love each other and love each of their children individually for his own special self, family relations can be worked out. Where brothers and sisters have learned mutual love and respect for one another, they are proud to work through their little everyday problems and forge ahead to happier days together.

Sis

Hilda K. Watkins





# Hearthstone Salutes:

## Marie Markham-

**Christian Conqueror of intolerance and victor of her war with sloth.**

**T**HREE TIMES I planted flowers along the sidewalk beside my fence and each time they were dug up at night," said Marie Markham. "In the morning I found them scattered over the lane, trampled and dead."

"But why did your neighbors do that?" asked the visitor. "You hadn't done anything to them."

"I made objection to their using the Sea Lane as a public dump," explained Marie. "They resented a newcomer trying to make them clean up."

"It's a beautiful place now," said the visitor. She looked with appreciation at the small white cottages surrounded by gardens in the green lane edged with flowers, with a vista of blue ocean at the end.

Although Marie is not her real name, this is the true story of how, by the magic of her friendliness, one woman transformed a neighborhood. When she first saw Sea Lane it looked like the grubby alley of a city. Shacks were unpainted and unrepaired, yards full of rubbish, and the field piled with everything from empty cans to twisted iron bedsteads.

The house she had found to live in while she got back her health in the bracing ocean air was small and shabby. A drab carpenter shop sat crazily askew in the back yard. Tin cans and dirt, stones and boxes cluttered the lawns.

It didn't take very long to clean the three rooms of the little house, paint the woodwork in light colors, and bring in comfortable old-fashioned furniture, mostly bought secondhand. Marie was an artist with needle, cloth and brush, and needed a studio to work in and to display her handmade and hand-painted articles. She visioned a cheerful, inviting place where

visitors and potential purchasers could relax and enjoy themselves. The old carpenter shop was all she had, so it must magically be changed into her heart's desire.

First the old shop was moved to stand beside the house, in the middle of the tiny lawn. The commotion of moving jarred its old chimney to the ground. Instead of having the bricks carted away, Marie used them to make a pathway from the back door of the house to the new studio. Into the one room went a tiny stove rescued from a junk pile under jeers from her new neighbors. An old rocker and straight chairs were repainted and decorated with bright cushions of her own design. Hooked rugs, a narrow couch to display original coverlets and plump pillows decorated with calico birds or painted flowers gave added cheer. A dark stately old bureau against the wall provided space for her unusual handicraft. A small round table in the center of the room held especially designed boxes and trays, some rescued from the dump, while neighbors laughed at her efforts. On the walls hung seafaring pictures made from bits of cloth and scenes painted on driftwood. Handmade artificial flowers blossomed in various odd holders in nooks and crannies.

The yard looked hopeless, but days of hard work changed it from a muddy trodden mess to a charming home spot, although the work was done to an accompaniment of low-breathed remarks none too pleasant from men passing by. Stones lugged from the nearby beach made a walk from the sidewalk to the front steps. White shells bordered little round gar-

dens. Roses which had been long neglected were trained again over the newly white-painted fence at the back of the yard. They also hid the scratches made, she suspected, by unfriendly children. Boxes filled with flowers decorated the windows of both house and studio. Wooden shoes from Holland were painted green and hung up as flower holders on the outside doors.

**T**HE HARDEST STRUGGLE began when these domestic things were done. Marie was pleased with the results of her endeavors, but what was the use of having a beautiful little home and yard bounded on all sides by ugliness? Didn't it behoove every homemaker to help her community keep clean and lovely? She hardly knew where to begin but she determined to try.

Her neighbors had showed they did not mean to help her. Coming from all parts of the world to make their living by the ocean, they had no interest in anything else. They refused her gentle plea to stop dumping all their undesirable belongings in the field. Undaunted, Marie went to the selectman close to the houses. After a while carts appeared in Sea Lane and pile after pile of rubbish and refuse was carried away and the ground leveled. The neighbors were outspokenly furious that a woman dare to interfere with their rights to be as dirty as they pleased.

When Marie pulled out weeds at the inner edge of the sidewalk just beyond her fence and planted flowers there, the neighbors saw their chance to get even. They pulled up the flowers, trampled the grass and flung dirt on her sidewalk. Marie said nothing, but kept re-

*(Continued on page 46.)*

**By Lydia Lion Roberts**



# A Child's Part

## in Family Devotions

By Lois S. Smith

**T**OO MANY FAMILIES have never known the comfort and reassurance to be found in family devotions. The few minutes of prayer, thought, and forgetfulness of the day's problems go far toward bringing that peace of spirit with which the great men of all time have met and overcome the obstacles of world concern.

Some one with an imagination has called this brief time "God's minutes," for truly it is time given to our Father, as we ask his help for the day, praise his power and goodness, and become more nearly one with him in love.

A family devotional period should not be thought of as a chore; rather it should be approached with happy anticipation. Choose a time when all the family can be together for a few minutes. The earlier in the day it is, the more it can influence our thoughts and deeds for that particular day.

Everyone present should be given a chance to contribute. Very often the children can share poems, prayers, Bible verses or stories from their Sunday school leaflets or pupils' books. It gives the child a sense of responsibility to be allowed to have a part in grown-up doings. A child who has taken an active part in family experiences as well as outside activities is better prepared to face the world.

In our family, the youngest, five, likes to sing "Jesus Loves Me" but is too shy to do anything else. The ten-year old will pray if given a definite subject, and the twelve-year old enjoys reading Scripture. They all join in the singing, and we often leave our quiet minutes to go our several ways to the tasks of the day, singing or humming some hymn beloved by all. We parents have

even been taught a few of the newer songs which the children have learned.

The older boy or girl can read the Scripture chosen by father or mother, or might even decide what part of the Bible he wants to present. Increasing familiarity with God's word is like a suit of armor, a protection against the evils of the day, and aids the growth of dependence on divine help.

One family with five children gave each child, while they were small, a Bible verse to learn and repeat in the family service, graduating them to prayer, reading, or telling the thought for the day, as they grew in experience. It is surprising how initiative will appear and grow when a child is given an important part to play. His instinct is to prove that he is worthy of the honor placed in him.

**A**PPROPRIATE quiet music from a record player can help set the mood for family worship. An older child can select the record and tend the player while the rest of the family join in the singing or just listen. Too often the power of music is overlooked.

Usually it is best for an older member of the family to supply the thought for the day. There are helps to be used in this connection: the devotional booklet, *The Secret Place* will furnish all the essentials, plus a story, quotation, or directive thought. When these helps do not seem sufficient, or are inappropriate for the current mood of the family group, someone may tell a personal experience, or explain the Bible passage by illustrating in modern language for the younger members of the

The children's bedtime is this family's worship time. Dad is reading the Scripture tonight while Bud will offer the prayer, Sis a memory verse, and Mother the evening thought.

—Ewing Galloway





group. Again, the pupils' materials from the Sunday school literature can be used to some advantage. A missionary experience, a discussion of the relation of the Bible to modern life, an explanation of customs of olden times may be used. Best of all is the guiding of young minds toward a firm dependence on God's word in their daily lives.

FOR scripture reading, many prefer the familiar phrases of the King James version. Some will want a more modern translation. There are several: the Moffatt, a good translation of the whole Bible; the American Revised, an excellent interpretation of the Hebrew and Greek; the Weymouth, a clear, distinct modern translation of the New Testament; and the Revised Standard Version, the latest modern version. Children of today do not understand the roundabout phrases, the ancient meanings of words in the older text, and enjoy these newer translations.

Vary the procedure to avoid monotony. Occasionally omit the music, or put it last. Instead of setting the mood by the playing of records first, start with the Scripture or a prayer, then the thought or discussion. Or introduce the thought first, and ask if any of the group knows of a Bible passage that illustrates the message. The one in charge should always have a previously chosen Scripture passage ready for use in case no one can supply one quickly. There should be no lag in the program. Nothing kills a devotional period sooner than blank gaps or lack of preparedness. Rather have the children ready with a memory verse, a selected Bible story to read, or an appropriate poem.

If a child is assigned a part which cannot be presented that day for one reason or another, promise the child an early opportunity to make his contribution, or he will lose interest in the pro-

gram. Another hint: do not silence a child who wants to add to the service. His thought may not be entirely appropriate, but at least he has taken part. At all events keep the service short and moving, and well knit around a central idea.

Many judges, who daily deal with criminals, say that a background of church and Sunday school attendance, religious training, and home devotions are not to be found in the cases brought before them. Moral and religious training give young people the stamina to face life's problems. Taking an active part in family devotions helps develop resourcefulness. Constant recognition of a source of help in all situations helps to develop a Christian life.

We, as parents, cannot afford to let our children grow up in a materialistic, selfish world without the source of comfort, strength, and oneness with God that home worship helps to develop.

## Are They Ready to Marry?

*(Continued from page 3.)*

emotionally immature should rush into marriage. Probably the minimum age for the girl should be eighteen and for the boy twenty-one. Perhaps the best age for the girl is from twenty-two to twenty-five, for the boy from twenty-four to twenty-seven. But it must be recognized that chronological age is not a major factor at all. Common interests, congenial attitudes, emotional stability, mutual love and understanding are the principal factors.

In America, we have rightly insisted that love is the only sound basis for marriage. But because we have not understood the true meaning of love, American marriages have sometimes proved less successful than European or Asiatic marriages where love is not always regarded as an important

consideration. We tend to confuse love with physical attraction and physical passion. These have undoubtedly their part in marital love, but they are certainly not the whole or perhaps the main part of it.

REAL LOVE requires respect, friendship, companionship, shared experience. Whatever youth may think about it, the greatest love is not that which a young couple feels for each other when they

fered together, worked together, played together, laughed together, wept together. Passion burns itself out; love grows. Circumstances and conditions change, but love abides. As Paul puts it, love "beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things . . . love never faileth."

Surely a successful marriage is worth waiting for, working for, hoping for. It has more to do with human happiness than anything else. If a person fails in his marriage, nothing else can make it up to him. It is more important than financial success or any other kind of success. If one can be happy at home, he can endure almost anything which comes to him on the outside. But if he cannot be happy at home, no experience outside can fully compensate. Consequently, it behooves young people to make themselves ready for successful marriage by developing the right sort of attitudes, good habits, sound character, and that personal integrity without which no one is fit for marriage.

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**. . . all who joy would win  
Must share it—Happiness  
was born a twin.  
—Lord Byron.**

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pledge their troth. The greatest love is that of a man and a woman who have lived together through the years, shared together the responsibilities of parenthood, suf-



By

Susan C. Chiles

NANCY, the sixteen-year-old daughter of my hostess, came into the living room where I was sitting and threw her school books on the day bed with a sigh: "I am tired!" We had three tests today—hard ones. One good thing, I do not even have to dress this evening. I am not leaving the house until school time tomorrow."

Before I had time to comment, the telephone bell rang. I offered to answer it, but Nancy said:

"I might as well take it. It is either for me or for Jim, that popular brother of mine. Might as well answer it first."

It was for Nancy. The conversation was short and to the point. Nancy said emphatically:

"Ken Preston, you know I have a date tonight."

Of course, I did not hear the reply, but Nancy laughed and said:

"Yes, it is the same old answer: 'Sorry! I have a date.'"

"I didn't mean to eavesdrop," I said when Nancy came back and sat down by me, "but I couldn't help but overhear your conversation. You told me you were not dressing this evening and not leaving the house. Why didn't you tell this Ken fellow that you were too tired to go anywhere? He is such a nice boy, it seemed a shame to tell him a deliberate falsehood."

Nancy laughed again: "Me tired? Oh, I'm about rested now. It wasn't that! Ken is nice, in fact he is tops with me. I did tell him the truth. He knows that I always have a date on Thursday night. Three guesses as to whom I am dating."

"Beauty parlor, I suppose, but you don't look like you need a thing."

"Thanks for the compliment. My date is not with the beauty parlor. You will be surprised when I tell you that it is with my family. Tonight is Dad's night.



—H. Armstrong Roberts

## "Sorry, I Have a Date!"

He had the cook take the evening off. He is coming home early to finish the goulash that he started this morning. Mother did suggest the pressure cooker—said it would save lots of gas and time—but Dad insisted the old time 'slow cook' method made it best. He says it gives a different taste. We always gobble up his goulash. I don't know whether it is because he does not give us much of anything else, or because it is especial extra good. He learned to make it when he went camping with a

bunch of men a couple of years ago. Last time he served what he called old-fashioned cabbage slaw with it—made the dressing himself. I know that we are going to have some sort of ice cream tonight, frozen in the old hand turned freezer that has been in the basement for years. Dad made quite a stir about ordering cream and I heard Mother say his meal would be better balanced if he had a lighter dessert. Dad said that he grew up on unbalanced meals and one wouldn't hurt us."



"I still am puzzled, Nancy. You say family night and yet the whole thing seems to be your father's doing."

MOTHER says that I always start in the middle of a story. Well, to begin at the beginning: one night Mother came down wearing such an attractive dress. I complimented her on her pretty new gown. She called Dad, told him what I said and they both had a good laugh.

"Then Mother said, 'Even your Father has been commenting that I have worn this dress so long that it is like a uniform. He asked me this evening why I didn't get something new to wear!'"

"Dad sighed and then all at once he got that sober look: 'You know,' he said, 'we never see our children and they never see us. We really visit with them less than we do with any of our friends. They are the finest in the world—but we don't get time to enjoy them, Mother.'"

Nancy said that her Father's words made her indignant, but she changed when she looked at her mother and saw tears in her eyes, and heard her say that she "knew what Dad meant, but did not see any way out of the difficulty." Then Nancy said her Mother brightened up and said as Dad was a lawyer, used to working out problems, he should be able to offer a plan.

"Dad said that he didn't see how he could do anything about it. He and Mother made their dates, Jim, his and I, mine. He groaned and said: 'I have to put a padlock on every moment I have with my family.'"

"That gave me an idea. I asked why couldn't he padlock one night each week for his family? Each of us would follow his example. The idea clicked. I was dubious about *him*, but he was more enthusiastic than any one of us. It was Mother who suggested that we take turns in planning what we do on 'padlocked night.'"

## Here's a new kind of date—one everyone can have.

"That is why the Smiths are taking me to the concert tonight. I don't want to be unappreciative," I said, "but I can almost taste that goulash now! Do you take turns in getting dinner on your family night?"

SHE SAID the plan was more than that. Jim had them all singing popular songs, she had them reducing and her Mother said her idea of home was to sit and talk, one to the other, be able to share experiences, unburden oneself and ask for help where needed. "She says the next time it is her night, she is going to have a formal dinner—best silver and everything. Privately, I think she wants to see what our ideas are about right behaviour." Nancy stopped, then clapped her hands:

"I have just thought what I am going to have when my time comes around. A slam party!"

"Tell me, please, what is a slam party?"

"Exactly what it says. Say it is my time to be slammed: each one is honor bound to tell me what I do that is—well—not exactly up to par. It burns you up but it does you good. My reducing started after a slam party. I have quit saying 'Oh, is that so?' when ever any one says anything worth while." Nancy shivered: "I dread it, but I can take it and I do have some choice slams for each member of the family. I couldn't walk up and say the things I want to say without the little push that the slam idea gives. It is hard to correct members of your family when they are all such dears. Still you hate to see them doing wrong things."

THIS IDEA of family night has endless possibilities; there are so

many things crowded out of family life that should be incorporated into its living.

It seems that in those few homes where there is a cook employed, it would be a good idea to send her out each family night and give the family an idea of the service she renders, of the complications that arise and of the accidents that happen. The cooking done by some member of the family would be doubly beneficial. It could be no end of fun, especially if the one serving the meal was required to present bills stating the cost of each item. Flour, sugar, salt and other staples could be "on the house."

Enlarging on Jim's popular song night, musical appreciation nights would be interesting. This could be extended to include classics, old and popular lyrics and hymns. Hymnology is interesting!

Various "memory" nights would stimulate the minds of the family. There is no doubt that memorizing great passages is a basic part in every education. This statement is made in the face of the fact that memorization has been decried by many modern educators. Digressing from the family night a moment, what if the undesirable happened and some boy like our "popular brother Jim" should some day think he was alone in a shell hole—what could give him more consolation and comfort than to know he was mistaken as he repeated the ninety-first psalm? This memory night could be humorous at times. We do not want to make them too serious, an evening including Mother Goose would be enjoyable and give us some good philosophy.

(Continued on page 46.)



# Thank You, Thank You, God

(A Litany)

On this happy New Year's Day  
There is much for which I pray,  
*Thank You, thank You, God.*

The members of my family  
Are so *very* good to me;  
*Thank You, thank You, God.*

The mark upon my bedroom door  
Shows I'm taller than before;  
*Thank You, thank You, God.*

My friends and I had lots of fun  
In the year which now is done;  
*Thank You, thank You, God.*

I've learned to make a lot of things,  
And know the happiness that brings;  
*Thank You, thank You, God.*

Sometimes I almost did a wrong,  
And then you helped to keep me strong;  
*Thank You, thank You, God.*

For all these things and others, too,  
I want to give my thanks to You;  
*Thank You, thank You, God.*

—MABEL NIEDERMEYER MCCAW



## Grace Before Meals

### MORNING

For the rest of the night and the happiness of this day and for every evidence of thy grace and mercy, we thank thee, O Lord. Amen.

### NOON

We would be ever mindful of our dependence upon thee, our Father. Too, we would remember our indebtedness to the great family of men by whose labors and sacrifices we are fed. Help us to share our blessings with others. Amen.

### EVENING

Through this day we have been blessed in many ways, O God. Our friends have been kind to us. Many people have served us. Thou hast sustained us. In the Master's name we return thee thanks. Amen.

—FREDERICK W. HELFER

## Prayer on New Year's Day

Dear father, today begins a new year. We thank thee for this new year. Outside, the snow and ice make a good playground. Inside it is cheery and our food is good. We thank thee for all things. We ask for thy help this new year. Amen.

—BEULAH THOMAS

# WORSHIP IN THE FAMILY

*with You*

## Happiness

Sometimes when evening prayers are said,  
I lie awhile and think, in bed,  
And try to find the word to say  
What helped to make a happy day.

I think of things like sister's voice  
When I have let her have first choice;  
My Mother's face so kind and fair;  
And sunlight on our baby's hair;  
The way our windows look at night  
When all the lamps are softly bright;  
Or see the look in Daddy's eyes,  
When he looks down at me and smiles.

And then I feel so good, down deep,  
Before I know it I'm asleep.  
I'm glad that God has planned for me  
To live in such a family.

—JESSIE B. CARLSON

## O Father, Thou Who Givest All

O Father, thou who givest all  
The bounty of thy perfect love,  
We thank thee that upon us fall  
Such tender blessings from above.

We thank thee for the grace of home,  
For mother's love and father's care;  
For friends and teachers—all who come  
Our joys and hopes and fears to share.

For eyes to see and ears to hear,  
For hands to serve and arms to lift,  
For shoulders broad and strong to bear,  
For feet to run on errands swift.

For faith to conquer doubt and fear,  
For love to answer every call,  
For strength to do, and will to dare,  
We thank thee, O thou Lord of all. Amen.

—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES



# Children

## *Praise to God, Immortal Praise*

Praise to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days!  
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ!

All that Spring with bounteous hand  
Scatters o'er the smiling land;  
All that lib'ral Autumn pours  
From her rich o'er-flowing stores—

These to thee, my God, we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow;  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

—ANNA L. BARBAULD

## *Frost Dream*

When I woke up this morning  
A dream seemed frozen on the pane—  
A silvery magic woodland  
I glimpsed clear-outlined there again.

Pale lace-leaved ferns and flowers  
Such as I never see by day  
Gleamed briefly in the dawn light—  
Then, dreamlike, melted all away.

—ELEANOR HAMMOND

## *Snow Cover*

Thank You, Father, for the snow  
That lies so soft and white  
And makes the whole earth look so gay  
And sparkling in the light.

Thank You, Father, for the snow  
That keeps the deep roots warm  
And covers all the little seeds  
So they are safe from harm.

—HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL  
From *Junior World*.

## Scripture and Everyday Living

THE EVERYDAY experiences within the family provide opportunity for moments of worship with young children. Since a child's attention is fleeting, it is important to catch the moments when he feels the awe and wonder of any situation and express for him the things he feels but cannot say.

The New Year, with its gift of time is a demonstration of the regular, rhythmic and dependable return of day and night and of the seasons. It may make meaningful to children the verse:

And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years.

—Genesis 1:14.

When children and adults share together in the family the joys of the season, a new sense of happiness comes to each. Out of such companionship they may say with the psalmist:

Thou hast put gladness in my heart.

—Psalm 4:7.

A child's experiences within the family give him understanding of the meaning of family life. Such understanding is basic to appreciation for love and care received in the home. When Christian ideals and love motivate every action, then the family may say in happy conviction:

God setteth the solitary in families.

—Psalm 68:6.

From appreciation of family love and care, it is natural to develop appreciation for the love and care of God.

Children may feel a sense of awe and worship when they realize that one of the New Testament writers considered the family group and included in his gospel letter some advice to both children and their parents:

Children, obey your parents in everything, for this pleases the Lord. Fathers, do not provoke your children, lest they become discouraged.

—Colossians 3:20, 21.

It is necessary for every individual to feel a sense of personal worth. The value and importance of persons was emphasized by Jesus. Nothing demonstrates this more clearly than his attitude toward the children of his day:

And they were bringing children to him, that he might touch them; and the disciples rebuked them. But when Jesus saw it he was indignant, and said to them, "Let the children come to me, do not hinder them; for to such belong the kingdom of God. And he took them in his arms and blessed them, laying his hands upon them.

—Mark 10:13, 14, 16.

The poems on these pages may be used to enrich these verses of Scripture as you use them with your children.



# Barton and the New Red Sled

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING a bright red sled lay under the Christmas tree at Barton's house. It was for Barton. It was the nicest sled that Barton had ever seen. Barton had wanted a sled for a long time. Now that he had the sled there was no snow. Barton put the sled on the back porch. Barton wondered when he would get to slide on it.

Each morning when Barton opened his eyes he jumped out of bed and ran to the window to see if there was snow on the ground. But there wasn't. There wasn't any snow on Monday. There wasn't any snow on Tuesday. There wasn't any snow on Wednesday. There wasn't any snow on Thursday. There wasn't any snow on Friday.

Saturday morning as Barton started for the window he began to say to himself, "There isn't any snow to—" Barton stopped. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Everything was white. There was snow everywhere and more was falling. It was Saturday and Barton had a new red sled.

Quickly he dressed and ran downstairs to breakfast. When he finished eating he put on his coat and leggings. He put on his big wooly cap and his warm, warm gloves. He put on his boots. He got his new sled from the back porch and stepped out into the snow. The snow crunched under his boots. Barton liked the sound. The wind nipped his cheeks. Barton liked the feel of it.

"I'll slide on this little hill in the backyard," Barton thought and pulled his sled to the top of it. Barton was just a bit—just a tiny bit scared. He never had been on a sled before but he had seen the older boys sliding on the Big Hill down the road and he was sure he knew just how it was done.

Barton dropped down on the sled. The sled moved down, down the little hill, then it stopped. Barton thought that was fun.

Again and again he slid down the hill. "The big hill behind the barn should be more fun," he thought.

Barton pulled the sled through the barnyard to the top of the hill

## Two Stories by Doris Clore Demaree

behind the barn. The hill was long. The snow was smooth. Barton flopped down on the sled. He was off.

The ground under the snow was not smooth. Barton's sled bumped and slid and bumped along, faster, and faster, and faster. Barton held on tightly. Barton was scared. He wished he had stayed on the hill in the backyard.

Bumpety-bump! Bumpety-bump! Plop! Bump! The sled hit a big hole and turned over. Barton rolled through the snow. He got snow in his mouth. He got snow in his nose. He got snow down his neck.

When Barton stopped rolling and got to his feet he looked about him. He could see the holes and bumps. He understood why the sliding there was not fun.

Without even a word to himself he picked up the sled rope and started pulling the sled up the hill, around the barn and across the barnlot to the little hill behind the house.

# Choosing a Picture for Grandmother

FREDDIE WAS A BIG BOY. He went to kindergarten every morning. The kindergarten school was just around the corner. Freddie went all by himself. Freddie liked to go to kindergarten. He liked the things they did there. He wished he could go to kindergarten in the afternoon but other boys and girls went to kindergarten each afternoon.

One day when Freddie came home from kindergarten Mother said, "Wash your hands quickly so you can eat your lunch. Grandmother Jo is coming this afternoon."

Freddie liked having Grandmother come to his house. Now that he was in kindergarten he had so many things to tell her. As he

ate his lunch he thought of all the things he must tell her. He remembered that he hadn't told her about the pictures they had been making. "I must tell her about the pictures," he thought. That gave him a wonderful idea. "Oh, Mother, may I give Grandmother Jo one of my pictures?"

"I think that is a lovely idea," said Mother. "While I wash the dishes you may choose your picture." It took Freddie a long, long time to choose the picture for Grandmother.

He looked at the picture he had made of Boo Boo, the turtle. If he gave Grandmother that picture he could tell her how Boo Boo got his name.

He looked at the picture of the fire engine. Freddie remembered

the day it went past the school. All the boys and girls had run to the window to watch. Freddie remembered that he already had told Grandmother that story.

Freddie looked at all the pictures he had made. The very last picture was a little kitten. Freddie remembered the day it had wandered into the kindergarten room. He remembered that Grandmother liked kittens. Freddie thought perhaps she would like this picture best of all he had made. It was a long, long story, too, and Freddie liked to tell stories.

"Here comes Grandmother Jo," called Mother.

Freddie picked up the picture of the little kitten and hurried to open the door.



# Fairy Make-Believe

By Dorothy Young Croman

GEORGE CAME THROUGH the fence to play with his little neighbor, Ruth.

"Do you believe in fairies?" asked six-year-old Ruth.

"Nope!" replied George. He was just seven.

"Then how did my tooth change into a nickel when I put it in a glass of water?" Ruth held out a shiny nickel. She had been carrying it around in her apron pocket.

George looked at Ruth. He looked at the nickel.

"That's odd," he said. "My tooth used to change into a nickel when I put it under my pillow. It doesn't any more. I think my mother did it but she never said she did."

"I like to think it's a fairy," said Ruth.

"I never heard of the glass of water," said George. "You mean you just put your old tooth in a glass of water?"

"You leave it all night," replied Ruth. "Next morning there will be a nickel or maybe a dime. Once I even got a quarter."

George felt of all his teeth. "I wish I had a loose tooth. I'd like to try putting it in a glass of water. Maybe I'd get some money."

His hand stopped at a small side tooth. "Does this one feel loose to you?"

Ruth put a finger on the tooth. She tried to wiggle it. Was it just her finger or the tooth which moved? She took hold with thumb and forefinger. No, the tooth did not feel really loose.

She looked at all of his teeth. There were two big front ones. It made him look like Bugs Bunny. Two little openings on each side were waiting for new teeth to come through.

She opened her own mouth wide to show George where Mummy had pulled a tooth only last night. It was right next to one of her own Bugs Bunny teeth. It still felt

odd when she put in the top of her tongue. "Do you suppose we could loosen one of your teeth?" Ruth looked again at George's teeth.

He backed away. "With what?" he asked.

Ruth looked around. "A stick maybe or a rock." Then she glanced toward the shed door. "I know," she said. "We'll get a hammer out of Daddy's tool chest."

George pulled back farther. "I don't want you to."

"Oh, come on," urged Ruth. "Maybe the fairy will give you a nickel."

George walked in slowly. Would the fairy work for him?

"Open your mouth wide," said Ruth, lifting the hammer.

"Ouch!" exclaimed George, grabbing his mouth. "That hurt!"

Footsteps sounded at the shed door and a voice said, "What in the world are you children doing?"

"Oh, Mummy!" exclaimed Ruth, turning. "Isn't there a fairy that leaves money for old teeth?" She dropped the hammer and came over to her mother.

"Well," replied Mummy slowly, "what does that have to do with hitting George with the hammer?"

"We were just trying to get one of his teeth loose."

"For goodness sakes!" said Mummy. "Let me see, George."

George obediently opened his mouth.

"You hit his lip," she said. "I think you'd better let nature loosen his teeth."

Both children looked at her, their eyes wide. "Who is Nature?" asked Ruth.

"That is your fairy," said Mummy quickly.

Ruth and George looked at each other. Was there a real, honest-to-goodness fairy?

Ruth said, "Where do our teeth come from? Why can't I see the new one where the old one came out?"

She put the tip of her tongue again in the new space. She could not feel any more teeth.

"When you were just a tiny baby beginning to get ready to come into the world your teeth were started then."

"My new little sister doesn't have any," objected George. "She's not much good. She can't walk either."

"She will some day," comforted Ruth's mother, "and she'll have teeth. Little buds of teeth which we call roots are already forming in her baby jaws."

"Does the fairy help the teeth grow?" asked Ruth. "Is that Fairy Nature?"

"We can call her that," said Mummy. "Nature helps babies grow."

Mummy stopped and put her fingers under Ruth's chin, lifting it a little. "In that space," she said, "an old tooth came out. Because your baby teeth do not grow larger like the rest of your bodies, the old teeth have to come out so that new and bigger ones can come in. We can call that Fairy Nature."

Ruth interrupted, "See, George! Mummy says there are fairies!"

"Not so fast," smiled her mother. "Do you know what 'make-believe' means?"

"Pretend," answered Ruth.

"That's right," said her mother.

"Now let's pretend that our Fairy Make-Believe wants all the old teeth in exchange for the new ones. We can pretend that for all the





old teeth she can get, she leaves some money in return. Maybe that is so the children will not mind losing their baby teeth."

"You mean a fairy really does leave the money and takes the old tooth?" gasped George.

"Well," smiled Ruth's mother, "The mothers and fathers help the fairies. A fairy is supposed to be very tiny. Sometimes they need help. Then they call on the mothers and daddies."

"See!" exclaimed George, turning to Ruth. "It is just your mother that puts the nickel in the glass of water."

"Well, now," said Ruth's mother quickly, "just as long as you want to believe that the fairies do it, you can make a wonderful make-believe game out of it."

"So there!" Ruth looked at George. "I say there *are* fairies! I like my Fairy Make-Believe. It's magic the way she makes my teeth grow. If I want to believe she brings me money, I can."

"You're a girl. *You* can believe it!" said George, starting home.

Ruth felt warm and tingly in-

# Seeds to Eat

By Eva McCallum

LOUANN was watching her mother cook. She was washing rice.

Louann watched the water run over the hard, white rice. "It looks like seeds," she said.

"Rice is a seed. Many kinds of seeds are good to eat," her mother answered.

"Show some more seeds to me that are good to eat, won't you, Mother?" Louann asked.

"Oh, what a big seed! Is it really a seed?" asked Louann.

"Yes," her mother answered, "each little spot you see on the potato will grow and make more potatoes."

Louann's mother pointed to boxes in the cupboard. She said,

side. Mummy had not really said right out that there were no fairies.

There would always be a Fairy Make-Believe.

"This box and this box are full of seeds. See if you know what kind they are."

Louann climbed on a stool and looked in the boxes.

She looked in one box and said, "These are beans."

She looked in another box and said, "This is breakfast food, but it doesn't look like seeds. They are all mashed."

Louann's mother said, "Yes, some seeds are mashed so that they will cook more quickly."

Then Louann laughed and said, "The birds eat seeds and I do, too."

After that whenever Louann ate anything made from seeds she would laugh and say, "I eat seeds just like the birds, only my mother cooks them for me."

From *Guiding Nursery Children in Home and Church*.

## Feeding Birds

By Jessie B. Carlson

JOHNNIE STOOD at the window. He looked at the snow piled all around the house. He wanted to go out and play in it. But he had a cold and Mother said, "You'll have to stay indoors today." Johnnie had cried, but Mother still said "No."

A little bird flew around in the yard. The ground was covered with snow. The trees were covered with snow. The fence was covered with snow. There was no place for the bird to rest. Then he flew to the porch. He fluffed out his feathers. He looked tired. He looked cold. He looked hungry.

"Mother," called Johnnie. "Come see the bird."

Mother came and stood beside Johnnie.

"See the bird on our porch," Johnnie said.

"He looks tired," said Mother. "He looks cold. He looks hungry. Let's feed him."

Johnnie and Mother put bread crumbs in a box lid. They put the box lid on the porch. The bird flew away. Mother got some suet from the icebox. She tied a string around it. She hung the suet to the porch railing. Then they stood at the window and watched.

The bird flew back to the porch.

Peck, peck, peck. He ate some bread crumbs.

Peck, peck, peck. He ate some suet. Then he flew away again.

Still Johnnie and Mother stood and watched. Pretty soon the bird flew back again and brought three friends with him.

Peck, peck, peck they all ate happily.

"This is fun," said Johnnie. "Feeding birds is almost as good as playing in the snow."



## Sink Sonnettes

By Frances Brown

### PESSIMISTIC

Her life drew pictures of deepest gloom,  
And wrote a pessimistic sonnet;  
She could not see the glorious bloom  
For the lurking bug that could be on it.



Were you ever surprised at what you said? Penny was—surprised and frightened.

# The

By

Helen Laura Renshaw

# LIE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. TALONE

PENNY HELD HER BREATH and watched very closely. Her teacher reached high toward the frightened kitten. He clung to his precarious position on the topmost bar of the schoolyard trapeze and made pitiful little mewling noises in his throat. Now the rescued animal sprawled across the shoulder of Miss Merry's blue cotton blouse and cuddled against her soft cheek for comfort. Gently Miss Merry placed the kitten on the ground and stroked his small back, arched to receive her caress.

"Poor kitty; he hasn't any mommy to look out for him," Miss Merry smiled at Penny. "We'll have to take care of him."

Penny nodded. It was nice to have Miss Merry ask for her help, and it must be wonderful to have Miss Merry care for you. Then Penny said the strangest and most unexpected thing. "I haven't any mommy, either."

The words just seemed to tumble out, and they startled Penny even more than they seemed to surprise Miss Merry. For a moment the teacher's hand was still on the kitten's back, and then she stroked his silken chin. Penny made her eyes very round and wide and appealing and waited for Miss Merry to raise her head.

When Sue Merry did look up, she said softly, "I'm sorry, Penny, truly sorry."

She stood up then and laid her hand lightly on Penny's shoulder. It seemed she had something more to say—just to Penny—and then she turned and clapped her hands sharply. "Recess is over, children," she called and went quickly into the building.



"Penny!" she heard her mother say between sobs. "Stop, Penny. Can you hear me?"

PENNY STOOPED, gathered up her sweater and jump rope and a small red handkerchief and followed after the other children. She felt a little frightened and a trifle thrilled with her daring to speak such a falsehood. Suppose Miss Merry had said, "But, Penny, I have seen your mother at Grocer Brown's, or at a club meeting, or

that dressed-up lady with her picture in the paper at the big concert—that was your mother, Penny." Suppose she had shaken her head reprovingly and said severely, "I do not like little girls who lie, Penny." That would have broken her heart—Penny knew that.

Momentarily Penny hung her head in shame and then she flung



it high again. Miss Merry hadn't said any of those things; she had believed and looked a little sad and concerned for Penny just as she had for the kitten. It was a warm, good feeling and Penny hugged it to herself all afternoon. At rest period Penny crossed her arms on the desk and laid her head down, but she didn't close her eyes. She peaked out between short fingers. Sure enough, Miss Merry was watching her—sadly and with concern. Penny wriggled happily. Now it would come. Miss Merry would want to give a little girl with no mommy an extra lot of attention; she would ask Penny to collect the class papers and let her be leader in the school games. She is so pretty, thought Penny with a sigh, just like the angel in the big book at home, with pale golden hair and large, kind eyes.

**IT WAS JUST AFTER** they had put away their drawing and dusted chalk from their hands and clothes in preparation for closing time that Miss Merry made her announcement.

"Day after tomorrow is a special day." Miss Merry paused and looked happily around her. "It is Saturday, and we are having a little party for our mothers."

Penny's breath caught so sharply in her throat that she gulped loudly, and Mary Ellen seated on her left nudged a bony elbow into her side.

"Invite your mothers tonight," the teacher continued. "and tell me tomorrow how many will be coming to our party."

Just then Miss Merry's eyes rested on Penny. For a moment she looked perplexed, and then she spoke to Penny. "Will you stay a few minutes, Penny?"

Penny sat in her seat and watched the others clatter out. She felt her cheeks grow hot, and she was undecided whether to run and hide among the rest or stay as Miss Merry had asked. She felt limp and empty inside, and then Miss Merry stood beside her. Her eyes were not angry at all; they were grave and very kind.

"I would like you to come and help me on Saturday, Penny." Penny's teacher stooped and

picked up a marble from beneath Joey's desk. "You can be my little girl for that day."

Penny didn't speak, and Miss Merry didn't wait for an answer. She moved across the room and began cleaning the boards with large erasers. Something came over Penny like a wave. She thrust her pencil into the desk, gathered up her sweater from the seat beside her, and ran from the room. Her short curls stood out like round little sausages behind her heart-shaped face as she fled, and two large tears streaked down her hot cheeks.

That night Penny huddled under her blankets and quivered. She stared up into the darkness and felt lonely and afraid. This wasn't how she had thought it would be at all. It should be so nice to have Miss Merry for her mommy; this was what she had wanted all along. Someone kind and gay like Miss Merry with lots of time for listening, for it took Penny such a long time to say things. It was hard to explain in a hurry what she was doing or what she wanted to do. Mother was always flying about—in and out. She would stoop and kiss Penny—long before she had finished—and laugh a bright little laugh, "That's nice Penny. Have a good time. I must run or I'll be late."

**PENNY PULLED** the covers up high and clenched her jaw, and then a dreadful cry of disappointment welled up in her throat and she sobbed loudly—hard, shrill shrieks that brought her mother running. A pale wisp of pink chiffon floated behind her, and dark waves of hair hung on her shoulders like a little girl's but Penny's eyes were screwed tightly shut, and she couldn't see the concern on her mother's face.

"Penny!" she heard her mother's voice say. "Stop, Penny. Can you hear me?"

It was such a silly question, and Penny tried to push back the screams, but she only gulped "H-hm." She felt herself lifted up, covers and all, and there was a feeling of comfort in having her mother's arms about her. For a

moment Penny didn't feel like crying at all, and then she remembered her awful lie. She struggled to raise her head from her mother's shoulder. "But I told Miss Merry that I haven't any mommy at all." The hard knot of emotion was stirring within her throat again.

Her mother's eyebrows puckered. "No Mommy?" she looked puzzled.

Then Penny's words tumbled out fast and jumbled and nonsensical but with sickening clearness to her mother who held her. For the first time Mother was realizing how easy it is to make a mistake without intention or knowledge. She recalled all her dreadfully important accomplishments for the past week: The Garden Club Committee, the bazaar to raise funds for the children's home, her work at the symphony ticket-selling booth, and—but when had she been with Penny?

"And, Mommy, there's the party on Saturday, and I told Miss Merry a . . ."

Mother placed a finger very gently over her small daughter's lips. "No, Penny, I don't think you really meant to lie—and I don't believe your teacher thought so, either."

**PENNY LOOKED UP** surprised and saw the soft way her mother's hair lay back in dark satin waves from her white forehead, just like Miss Merry's hair. Mother was pretty—as pretty as Miss Merry and besides she really belonged to Penny.

Mother was thinking of the Red Cross meeting scheduled for Saturday, but she knew she wouldn't be there. Instead, she saw herself walking proudly beside Penny. There would be Miss Merry to meet, but if Penny's teacher was as understanding with a mother as she had been with her small pupil, she would see and know that there was no need to fear for Penny now.

"I'd like to go to your party, Saturday," Penny's mother said softly.

Penny lay back warm and comfortable and tired. A tiny smile teased her lips; it was nice to have such an understanding mommy.



# The MARKS

## of a Christian Home

CURIOSITY HELD ME at my study window for a few moments one morning. Taking place in the brown stucco house just across the street were the preparations for a wedding. The man waiting outside looked very handsome with the bright spring sunlight gleaming on his white coat and dark trousers. Then several bridesmaids came out of the house to get into the waiting cars. They carried colorful little bouquets and wore long pink dresses. They were very pretty. Then the maid of honor came out. She wore a dress that was much deeper pink. Then came the bride—all in white, her veil flowing behind her. She had jet black hair and flashing dark eyes.

What kind of a home was starting that morning? I had no doubt that the ceremony would be very beautiful. It would have color, beautiful girls, handsome men, glorious costumes, everything. But what about the home that the two who would be united would commence to build? Through the years to come, would that be marked by Christian beauty and loveliness?

Do you remember in the Old Testament when Jacob journeyed from Beersheba to Haran to look for a wife with whom he might build a godly home? On the way he tarried for a night at a certain place. In that place he saw a vision of a ladder going up to heaven. When he awoke from his dream he was a little bit frightened. But there at Bethel he felt that he had been in the presence of God. And he said, "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." (Gen. 28:17. Possibly Jacob was sensing the importance of the mission on which he had started. If he could find the right girl, he could establish a godly household and that home could be the gateway to heaven.

Wherever a real Christian family lives, there you will find a



—H. Armstrong Roberts

In Christian homes there is joy in just being together. Beginning when their children are small, this mother and father are setting the pattern for family fellowship within the home.

"gate of heaven." It makes little difference what the place looks like on the outside. It may be a humble four room flat on the car line. It may be a beautiful white colonial mansion with rolling lawns and carefully clipped hedges. If Christian people live there, and practice their Christianity there, it is a Christian home. Therefore it is a happy home, and in every way a godly house and a gate of heaven.

But the question follows. How can we know when a home is Christian? How can we measure the godliness of a home?

Here is a list of ten marks of a Christian home. Take this list and hold it up against any home you want. Then you may form a pretty fair judgment about whether or not it is a Christian home.

**By Jackson Wilcox**

1. **A Christian home is a place where everyone is first interested in the comfort, welfare, and happiness of others.** This point is of primary importance. A home cannot be Christian if all of the members of the family have the "me first" attitude. Here is a home where, if one member of the family would leave a book or an empty box or some other item on the floor, it would just stay there until the person who left it got around to picking it up. In the same home, whatever choice morsels or leftovers are in the ice box belong to whoever makes the first raid. In the matter of eating it is every man for himself. If the family ever all gets together at one time it is accidental.

Members of a Christian family, however, are affectionately concerned for one another. They want each other to be happy. This is just another way of saying that a Christian home must be based upon the solid foundation of love.



In Christian family life, Jesus' words make sense, "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all and servant of all" (Mark 9:35).

**2. A Christian home is a place where everyone is treated as an individual and where people really try to understand one another.** We cannot expect everyone, even within a family, to be exactly alike. The other evening some neighbors were in looking at our kodachrome slides. We came to some pictures of my tall, fair younger brother and myself. The comment was, "You are hardly alike at all." Four people may be members of one family. But they may all have differing personality traits, interests, and abilities. Christian families recognize this about themselves. There is no attempt by any one member to try to cut everyone else according to his own special pattern. Jesus Christ was always quick to recognize individual worth and individual differences. We must be too.

**3. A Christian home is a place where respect for people of all races, backgrounds, and attitudes is shown.** Of course, every family ought to feel proud and glad about its own racial, cultural, and religious background. In our home we are satisfied and happy because we come from middle-class American families, because we love our church, and because our family backgrounds are English and French and early American. But we know that we dare not allow any smugness about this. While we may be proud, we must first of all be humble and understanding. There are other people who are entirely different, and rightfully just as proud of their backgrounds as are we. And wherever we speak of others, we must do so only with words and thoughts and phrases that are kind, respectful, and worthy. We know that all men everywhere are a part of God's one great family.

**4. A Christian home is a place where there is the constant cultivation of clean and wholesome tastes in entertainment, art, music, and reading.** This means that every member of the family

does his best to attain a high level in all of these things. Notice that this does not necessarily mean a wholesale censorship. It does, however, mean a wise discouragement of entertainment that is degrading and wasteful, of art that is gaudy or pornographic, of music that is jangling and cheap, and of comic books, magazines, and best sellers that are low and unclean. It means that each family member will try to be a good example for the others.

Recently three nine and ten year olds were sitting on the steps by the kitchen door talking. One little fellow who had been restrained by whippings and violent threats made the frank comment, "Boy, I can hardly wait 'til I grow up so I can drink and swear and smoke and 'raise ned' like my mom and dad." Needless to say,

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**Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens.**

—Douglas Jerrold.

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that is the very opposite of a Christian cultivation of that which is clean and wholesome.

**5. A Christian home is a place where cleanliness and neatness are always apparent.** Such a home need not be so painfully immaculate that you are afraid to walk across the kitchen with your shoes on. But all members of the family ought to contribute to a general atmosphere of cleanliness and neatness both in and out of the home.

**6. A Christian home is a place where there are family prayers and worship and where there are evidences of private and individual devotions.** This hardly needs elaboration. One would simply expect a Christian family to worship God together and individually. There are many available suggestions for help here. In our home we use *The Secret Place* for family worship. The children have their prayers each night. My wife

and I use the Bible together with a wide variety of devotional books scattered all through our home. If the Christian home is "the gate of heaven," members of the family ought to touch heaven with faithfulness and regularity.

**7. A Christian home is a place where the full program of the local church claims the unfaltering and primary loyalty of every family member.** This sort of loyalty must be grown from the very earliest stages of life. Our two children are just 2 and 4 years of age. But already they know that things at the church have first claim on our time and our lives. They are joyful and happy about it.

A family's conversations about its church must be loyal and constructive at all times. I once knew of a family that in some ways was a wonderful church family. But there came a time when between the mother and the father there were constant petty criticisms of the program, of some people, and of the minister at their church. It was not too long before the children caught the idea too. That is not Christian.

**8. A Christian home is a place where the family members worship, work, play, and serve the Lord together.** They truly enjoy one another's company. They go to church together. They take care of the house and the yard and the car together on a basis of co-operation. They go on vacations together and play games together. They find ways to serve God together—perhaps through evangelistic calling, perhaps through party or program planning, perhaps through committee work.

**9. A Christian home is a place where Christian friends and acquaintances enjoy stopping to visit.** People know that there is always a friendly and warm welcome out for them. They know that the atmosphere will be natural and good. They know that the conversation will be wholesome, and that they will not be served any beverages or refreshments that are harmful.

(Continued on page 44.)



# Family Counselors

**Question:** I have a son and daughter ten and eight years old, respectively, who attend Sunday school regularly. Although I enjoy helping them with their lessons, isn't there something to be gained if their father helps them, too?

**Answer:** Yes, parents should consider it a privilege, not a duty, to help their children with the Sunday school lessons. It might be used as the subject matter for family worship. Working together on a Sunday school lesson is a perfect counseling situation and leads to an understanding between parent and child which might otherwise be difficult to achieve. When children see both parents studying God's word and bowing reverently to seek His guidance, impressions and attitudes are formed which carry over into adult life. This is a truly spiritual relationship. To study and interpret religious beliefs helps to clarify the parent's own convictions.

P. B. B.

**Question:** If the church school teacher has a right to expect help from me, what have I a right to expect of the teacher?

**Answer:**

1. A consecrated Christian life.
2. Adequate training.
3. Regular and prayerful preparation for each lesson.
4. A genuine love of children and a desire to lead them to Christ.

Is this too much to expect?

E. N. J.

**Question:** What do you think about comics in a Christian home?

**Answer:** Perhaps this question might better be phrased "What shall we do about comics in a



Dorothy  
Faust



Leslie R.  
Smith



Elizabeth  
N. Jones



Paul B.  
Baum

Christian home?" for most of us will agree that on the whole comics are certainly not an influence for good in any home. Countless articles about comics are appearing in magazines, but few of these articles give very concrete, practical suggestions for dealing with them. To say to our children "no comics" does not seem to me to be a realistic approach, for they know and we know that they can read them at a friend's house or at the corner newsstand. So I submit this method—does it sound practical?

1. To forbid all lewd or horror comics, at the same time expressing a trust in the children, and a belief that they too, will realize that such are not worthy of the time and attention of Christian followers.

2. To take time to look over comics they are reading, so that we will not condemn one unfairly.

3. To make available as an antidote good books of adventure, fantasy, and real life, and to take time to read aloud and share these books in the family group.

4. To provide wholesome experiences of adventure and fun for the children, so that adventure and excitement need not be obtained vicariously through the comics.

If at the same time we work with the school, civic, and church groups which are protesting poor comics, we need not worry too much over their influence.

E. N. J.

**Question:** "I want to keep from getting bitter, but sometimes I almost believe that is impossible. I have paid too long for my mistake and get nothing but slams, jeers and cold shoulders in return for trying to overcome a serious mistake. Over a year ago, I became pregnant. The only person I felt I could trust was my Sunday school teacher and take it from me, "She is one truly Christian lady." Although my parents were grand to me, she took the responsibility of making all the arrangements for my care.

My teacher arranged for me to go to a Home for unmarried mothers. The baby was born dead.

About three months ago, my parents and teacher decided I should return home and take up normal life. I had been active in Sunday school. As soon as I returned, the minister and teacher planned a party at his home for me. It was grand that I had so much enjoyment planning to go, because it has been miserable ever since.

As long as the minister, his wife or the teacher were at my side all the young people were polite but when alone, I was dropped flat.

**Answer:** Suppose you start at once to practice all the good things you learned in Sunday school. Certainly your Sunday school teacher has expressed God in strength, joy, patience, humility,

**Everyone has similar problems. By writing your questions to our counselors you will help others who are struggling as you are. Just write to Family Counselors, Hearthstone, in care of your publishing house.**



steadfastness and love. Please study each one of these words first as your teacher has demonstrated them in regard to you and then apply each one to yourself. Then see if you are even in a small degree glorifying God for the many services that have been rendered you in overcoming your problem. Sometimes we think the odds are all against us, but let us remember we do not gain the Kingdom of Heaven by human power. It is being "faithful over a few things," that makes us "ruler over many."

In going over your letter very carefully, I see hardly a spark of gratitude. You have no right to ask for more until you are grateful for what you already have. Many people have paid a far greater price for a smaller offense than yours, and for far longer periods of time too.

You have depended on someone else to lift you up, arrange for, and protect you. Now, lift yourself up by expressing gratitude for the fact that all the way along you have been surrounded by real love and protection from both your home and your church. Keep up courage. Three months is only a short time, after all. Remember, abuse never does a real character much harm, at least not for long.

Nothing brings more joy or progress than persistent practice and perseverance in expressing genuine gratitude.

D. F.

**Question:** Since the war, our children have developed a prejudice against the Japanese. How can we help them to overcome this prejudice?

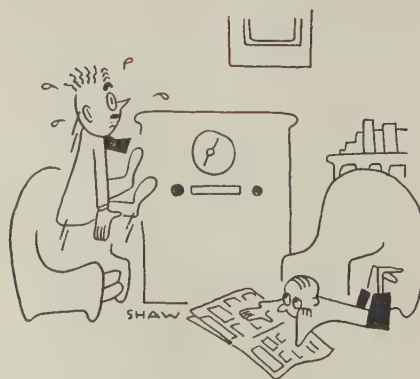
**Answer:** It has been said that we need have only one friend among those of another race to realize that the idea of racial superiority is ridiculous. If it is possible to have your children meet and know and play with Japanese children, that is the solution. But almost as satisfactory would be to obtain the name of a Japanese Christian family in Japan with whom your family can correspond. All children love to have "pen pals," and to send and receive letters. Let them write each other about life

in their homes and schools, let them exchange pictures, and small gifts at birthdays and Christmas time. They will soon forget their prejudice in the thrill of new and interesting friendships. E. N. J.

**Question:** How can I interest my neighbors, who call themselves Christians, but are not church affiliated, in church activities?

**Answer:** People generally find time to do the things in which they are interested. The fact that your neighbors profess to be followers of Christ, but at the same time do not participate in religious activities, might indicate that they are Christian in name only. Jesus said in Matthew 7:20, "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." Assuming, however, that they have experienced the love of Christ, there are a number of people who, because of the neglect of other church members to include them, or because their feelings were hurt, or because they had no responsibility in the church, drop by the wayside. To win your neighbors, first it is necessary to demonstrate by your everyday living that you have values far beyond what they are experiencing; second, after winning their confidence, invite them as your guests to a church social activity and see to it that they meet many of the most active members. This should help them to feel important and see at the same time the opportunities which they are missing.

P. B. B.



"William! Turn off that mystery play—want to frighten the child?"

**Question:** Although our family attends church regularly, I am wondering if there is not more which I should do to encourage participation in religious activities on the part of my children.

**Answer:** Too often religion is thought of as something which one gets on Sunday; there is little relationship with the activities of the rest of the week. Since the home is the area where the major part of living takes place, parents are charged with a major responsibility to see that religion becomes a part of all experience. How can this be done? First of all, parents should be living examples of the Christian principles to which they hold. Add to this a regular time for family worship, where the children can experience for themselves how father and mother take God into partnership with them in their daily living. P. B. B.

**Question:** Our baby is two years old. How soon should we start his religious training at home?

**Answer:** It seems to me that your baby's religious training has already begun, in either the presence or the lack of a true Christian atmosphere in your home. He is getting religious training in a very real sense if he sees you bow your heads and say a simple grace before every meal; if he hears you talk with God at the beginning or end of the day; if he hears beautiful hymns and religious music on the phonograph or radio; if he sees the Bible in a place of honor in his home, and hears you read from it often. He is receiving training in Christian living, too, if his family live together in harmony, and love the Lord with all their hearts, and their neighbors as themselves.

It is not too early either, to include among his picture books such books as *My Prayer Book* by Margaret Clemens, or *Prayers for Little Children* by Mary Alice Jones. Use these as picture books first, commenting on the thought expressed in the prayers. Later the prayers can be used as a guide to lead your child into an expression of his own prayer. E. N. J.



# To Date or Not to Date

## Is That a Question?

By F. W. Wiegmann

**D**O PARENTS OF ADOLESCENT youth remember their first date, the depths of agony and the heights of bliss that accompanied the first ventures in dating? The twin emotions of fear and anticipation were like the negative and positive poles of electricity with the current of life rushing from one to the other. A new world was opening up and many problems confronted us. It is so with junior and senior high school youth today.

Parents constitute one of the most important problems faced by youth. Because most all other problems hinge on parental attitudes, the parent problem is crucial. It may be unkind to speak of parents as "problems" for teen-age youth, but that is the way young people look at it. So let's look with them.

"Why do parents always say 'no'?" complained a high school sophomore. To the average young person the negative attitude of parents is a real problem. Especially is this true in regard to dating, for on this score the parents are likely to be the most rigid, and in dating the prestige of the boy or girl is at stake. A negative attitude is often a means of defense and at times the result of a guilty conscience. When a parent says "you are not old enough for dates," there is more than chronological age involved. Parents usually mean that the child has not sufficient understanding and experience, and is therefore not psychologically conditioned for this new venture in human relationships. If this be true, as it so often is, the blame falls largely on the parents who have not prepared their children for their experience. The negative attitude is more often a defense of the parent than protection for the child.

Fortunately for parents, the adolescent seldom sees the real situation when "no" blocks his path. What he sees is the older generation pouring cold water on his youthful spirit, people who are always in the negative. If he had greater insight he would often see two well-meaning, loving parents baffled and bewildered by the stampede of youth that threatens to trample them under. The "No" is more often a "wait-and-let-me-think" attitude than it is a definite negative. Not only have our adolescents reached this hectic stage in life before they are fully prepared for it. They have reached it before we are ready to cope with it and give them real guidance. We are trying to slow them down to give us time to catch up.

It is only the rare, discerning youth that sees such a picture. To most young people the parental negative is a barricade on the road to happiness which must be removed by persuasion, cleverly circumvented, or endured with impatience.

**T**HIS NEGATIVE ATTITUDE often becomes a question mark. Instead of saying "no," we ask questions. Parents regard this simply as a matter of information, but it often appears in caricature as the Inquisition in the eyes of youth. "Why do parents always have to know everything about everybody we go out with?" is the eternal question of youth. "Don't they trust us?"

It is distressing to parents who have shared normal confidences with their children to see them grow uncommunicative about dates. A girl who normally talks fast and furiously about school activities suddenly grows quiet and shyly mentions that John wants her to go to a party with him.



—H. Armstrong Roberts

Teen-agers are as worthy of your confidence in their social life as they are in any area of living. Don't let your own doubts and fears stunt their progress.



Then come the inevitable questions. John who? The name isn't familiar. You haven't mentioned him before that I can remember. . . Well, no, he's a year ahead of me. . . What about Dick and Tom and the other boys in the gang? . . . Well, John asked me and the others didn't. . . . Why go to the party? Couldn't you spend the evening at home? Yes, but John asked me to go to a party. . . . Well, be sure to be home by eleven. . . But Mother, the party isn't over until then and we'll want to get a coke or soda on the way home. . .

**Dating is a natural, healthy step in the growth of personality. To forbid it means trouble.**

And so the catechism proceeds.

The questions and answers have some importance, but the basic trouble is what seems to both parties a lack of confidence. Parents resent the silent treatment and young people resent the grilling. And both ask, "Don't you trust me anymore?" Because the parent asks the questions, youth feels that his privacy is being invaded. Why do parents have to ask so many questions?

Dating brings up the whole matter of family finance. The problem runs all the way from the cost of an individual date to the decision to buy or not to buy a car. Here is a boy now entering his senior year in high school. The family has no car, and just recently the last boy in his crowd without a car now has one available for dates. Will he have to go through this important year the only one in his gang without a car? Fortunately the family is sensitive to this problem and is giving it serious consideration, even to the extreme of trying to buy a car with another family.

The average junior or senior is not a professional economist nor have such relative values of home vs. car been made too clear to him. If others of our social bracket have a car, why don't we? If they can afford one, why can't we? Social prestige and personal pride are bound up in this great American institution—the automobile.

The financial side of dating is always a relative matter in the eyes of youth. They look through the eyes of the other young people of their crowd and feel they must have the same amount of money to spend on dates. Should John give Mary a corsage for the school party? In the eyes of both John and Mary, that depends upon what the rest of the group does. Of course Mary likes pretty flowers and John likes to give things to his girl. But this is not the important test for them. What the gang does sets the pace.

In one high school "corsages" had gotten to the "orchid" stage. School authorities were disturbed and parents were alarmed. In a conference between parents and the principal, after student sentiment had been quietly sampled, corsages were forbidden except for one formal party a year. The favorable reaction of both boys and girls was a pleasant surprise to the older generation. Here is an instance where parents helped the young people solve a problem which youth wanted solved, but which could not be tackled by them without loss of face.

The finances of dating are closely allied with the old question, "What to do?" on dates. It is obvious that if commercial entertainment is the only answer, the cost runs high. Does youth always want to be "entertained"? Not necessarily. They want to have a good time, and at times they want to be alone.

But whatever they do, it must be their choice, not the decision of parents. There is a fine line of distinction between "providing" entertainment and "making it available." Some well-meaning parents drive their children away from home by "providing" too much of the evening's activities. Churches have done the same by too much "directed play." When the gang comes to your home for the evening, instead of fluttering around to see that everyone is "having a good time" it would be wiser to disappear for awhile and come back in time to "make available" some refreshments!

Because this is the stage of life when the apron strings are out, the only ties that bind the two generations are those of mutual trust and understanding. When these are strong the apron strings of overt discipline can safely be untied. Happy is the parent who can take the initiative and give the adolescent freedom, especially in the realm of dates. To voluntarily grant this adulthood (even prematurely) will hasten its safe arrival.

Are you an inquisitive old penny-pincher always saying "no"? Sometimes you look like that to adolescents.

Regardless of how youthful your thoughts and ideas may be, remember that in the eyes of youth, you are twenty years behind the times!

**Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere;  
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;  
'Tis never to be bought, but always free.**  
—Pope.



# You Left the Heart Out

(From page 16.)

you saw those, you instantly knew why big Tom Spence would sell his hands for this little woman, as everybody said he would.

"Oh—you're ironing!" Ruby remarked, as she entered and took a chair. She hooked a heel over its rung, but as quickly drew it away, seeing Irene's quick downward glance of disapproval. "I'm sorry," she added, with a disarming little smile.

Irene did not smile back. "Naturally I'd be ironing," she said flatly. "It's Tuesday."

Ruby was a bit flustered. "That's right," she admitted. "I—I guess I forgot. You always do everything so right, Irene," she added generously. "I often wish I were more like you." Then she gave a little laugh that held absolutely no guilt to Irene's ears listening for that very thing. "I haven't washed yet this week," she said, in a tone that might have been called downright unconcerned.

Irene's eyes—those cool judicial gray eyes, came up briefly.

"I know," she said, and sent her iron firmly along a very straight crease.

Slow red seeped into Ruby's dark cheeks. My, how hard it was to talk to Irene. She wasn't a bit like dear old Tom. . . .

"I know what you mean," she said after a moment of silence. "It's about yesterday, isn't it? Well, I thought I'd come over and explain that a little. You see. . . ."

"Oh, you needn't," Irene assured her at once, while she made quick hard strokes across a folded sheet. "Of course, I feel it understandable that I am interested in Tom's house. After all, he is my only brother, and I. . . ."

Ruby's eyes were twinkling. "And you think he's getting a bad deal, don't you, Irene?" She asked with amusement.

Irene was like a snow bank. "Well, you must admit. . . ." she began with icy precision.

"That it's wrong to go picnicking on Monday morning," Ruby threw in, and now she was suddenly quite serious. She laid an urgent hand upon the ironing board, beside Irene's.

"Look, Irene," she said earnestly, "it's not quite the way you think—really it isn't. When I see how nice you keep everything—" she stopped to look around the spotless kitchen—"I can see how my way must look to you. I often wish, I mean, I want to learn from you a little—if you'll let me. There ought to be a happy medium," she added, with almost innocent lack of tact.

Irene flushed darkly. She disconnected her iron with one sweep of the hand. "There isn't!" she flashed. "Either a home is well kept, or it isn't!"

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**What happiness is there  
which is not purchased with  
more or less of pain?**

**—Margaret Oliphant.**

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"Well, yes—in a way," Ruby faltered. "But that isn't what I meant to say. I meant that with me, the family is first. The house comes after. I want the children to have the kind of memories they could never forget—of a father and mother who were never too busy to do with them the things that are so important to you when you're young. I don't want them to think back to some chair they couldn't sit on, or a rug they couldn't walk on, or. . . ." She halted self-consciously, at Irene's frozen face.

"You mean they couldn't have nice memories of a home like mine?" was the sarcastic question made with uplifted eyebrows.

Ruby clasped her hands together, worriedly. "Oh, I always put things so clumsily," she cried. "I didn't mean that at all! But. . . ."

Irene smiled a little to herself. This was going to be good. She was actually curious to hear what sort of criticism Ruby could make of a home as perfectly kept as this

one. Why, it was actually laughable.

"But what?" she asked amusedly. "Go on—tell me."

Once more Ruby's eyes swept the room. "It's perfect," she half-whispered. "But—well, I don't know just how to put it, but it seems to me that having everything like this—living the way you do—well, to me it's—it's like you left the heart out. Oh, please don't be angry. Maybe it just seems that way to me. . . ."

You left the heart out. How many times can such words go through one's mind. A hundred times, or a thousand? To Irene, they seemed to have engraved themselves upon hers.

At first, she had ridiculed Ruby's simple philosophy. But conscience, once awakened, can be a persistent caller.

Scenes from the past came up again and again, and always Harry's face came with them. Poor Harry, she thought in spite of herself, poor Harry. For suddenly she knew that she had hurt him—hurt him deeply from the very first day of her frantic house-keeping.

If something happened to him! The thought left her weak with dread. Of course, she would have this home—these lovely things. But they had no hearts with which to love her—to remember her after she was gone.

"Oh, Ruby was right—right—right."

But Irene was not beaten. Oh, no. Harry was alive and she was alive, and there was still God who saw that his will was done. . . .

Forgive me, Lord, and help. . . .

Now, let's see this was Tuesday. Ironing Day, Harry had always called it, she remembered with a little wry smile. Now, suppose she were to just leave the rest of the ironing and casually—oh, ever so casually, because Harry was the deep sensitive soul he was—join him in a game of his beloved golf later in the afternoon. It meant giving up her club that evening, but what of it? She was making a new start, and this time she was putting her heart into it.



# Button up Your Overcoat We're Having

# "just for fun!"

## A Jack Frost Party

By Loie Brandom

When the frost is on the pumpkin  
And our daily chores are done,  
When darkness has descended,  
At the setting of the sun:  
Then come and join our party,  
And we'll have a lot of fun,  
If you'll bring along your merriest mood,  
With a funny story, song or pun.

Date \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ Hour \_\_\_\_\_

ON ICE-BLUE CARDS write the above invitation, dot the blank spaces on the card lightly with glue and sprinkle Jack Frost crystals over the glue.

As an "ice breaker" to start off the fun for a party of this kind the following will be good. The hostess secretly hands a small cotton "snowball" to one of the guests and then explains the game. Each one is to shake hands with everyone else and the one who has the "snowball" will mysteriously transfer the snowball to the fourth person with whom he shakes hands, and so on. At the end of five minutes the hostess rings a bell and the hand-shaking stops. Each player is then given a chance to guess in which hand the snowball is hidden. The person correctly guessing the location is awarded an ice cream cone, or chocolate bar, and the one having the snowball receives a similar reward also.

### Snowball Scramble

The players are divided into three or more groups, according to the number of guests present, and each group selects two of its members, a boy and a girl, to act as its representatives. All the other players form a big circle around these contestants. A large number of cotton snowballs are then scattered on the floor inside of the ring thus made. Those contestants inside the circle, representing the different groups are then blindfolded after having each been handed a basket. They stand upright until the signal for the start is given, then those blindfolded drop upon their knees and begin picking up snowballs as fast as they can find them. When all have been picked up that the "blind" contestants can locate, the judges count the snowballs in each basket, total the number of the two on the same team, and the pair having found the largest number, wins for their team. A popcorn ball, wrapped to resemble a snowball, is awarded each member of the winning team.

### A Jack Frost Romance

Distribute pencils and sheets of paper on which

the following questions have previously been written. The answers to be supplied by the guests should be in the coldest terms possible.

1. What was the bridegroom's name? (Jack Frost)
2. Can you identify the bride? (Snow White)
3. Who gave the bride away? (Snow Man)
4. The groom's attendant was? (The Iceman)
5. What flowers did the bride carry? (Snowdrops)
6. Where did they live? (Iceland)
7. How did they get there? (Iceboat)
8. What did they enjoy reading most? (Snowbound)
9. Their favorite food was? (Frozen Custard)
10. They liked best what sport? (Ice fishing)

### The Freeze Out

The players form a large circle with their chairs. Jack Frost stands in the center with a white rubber-snowball in his hand until each one is seated, then he starts marching around inside the circle. He nods to some girl who falls in behind him and places her left hand on his shoulder. The second marcher then nods at some boy and he joins the other two by placing his left hand on the girl's shoulder and so on. Boys should nod to girls and the girls to boys. The game continues in this way until Jack Frost drops the snowball, when everyone scampers to get seated in a chair. There will be one less chair than marchers, so the person left out becomes the Jack Frost and leads the second march.

### Cold Guesses

Some one is chosen to start the game, which she does by thinking of two or more words that, while pronounced the same, are spelled differently and have different meanings. For example; the words aunt and ant; heart and hart; sue, sou, Sue; sun and son; ford, fiord and Ford; so, sow and sew. The other players may ask all the questions they choose, and while the leader must answer the questions honestly, she may frame her answers about any of the words she wishes. Thus she may be thinking of heart when she answers the first question, of hart when answering the second, and so on. All of which is very confusing to the guessers and often leaves them out in the cold as to the correct words. The first player to guess the right word is permitted to choose the next words and continue the game.

### Stories, Songs and Puns

These may be called for at any time during the evening the hostess desires.

Carry out the Jack Frost idea in the refreshments by serving ice cream and white cakes frosted to resemble snowballs. Iced fruit punch, or iced cocoa makes a nice addition.



# Pretty Shade Pulls

**S**HADE PULLS ARE USEFUL. You need them in your own room, and in the rest of the house. You can make some to use in your classroom, too. Shade pulls are nice presents for Mother or other grown-ups. You make them of cardboard and string. The cardboard can be white or some light color.

Three patterns are shown on this page. To copy the church pattern, cut a piece of paper two and one-half inches by five inches. Fold it down the center so you have a shape one and one-quarter inches by five inches. Copy the half of a church pattern on this. Be sure the fold of the paper is where the dotted line of the pattern is. Rule the outside lines so they will be straight.

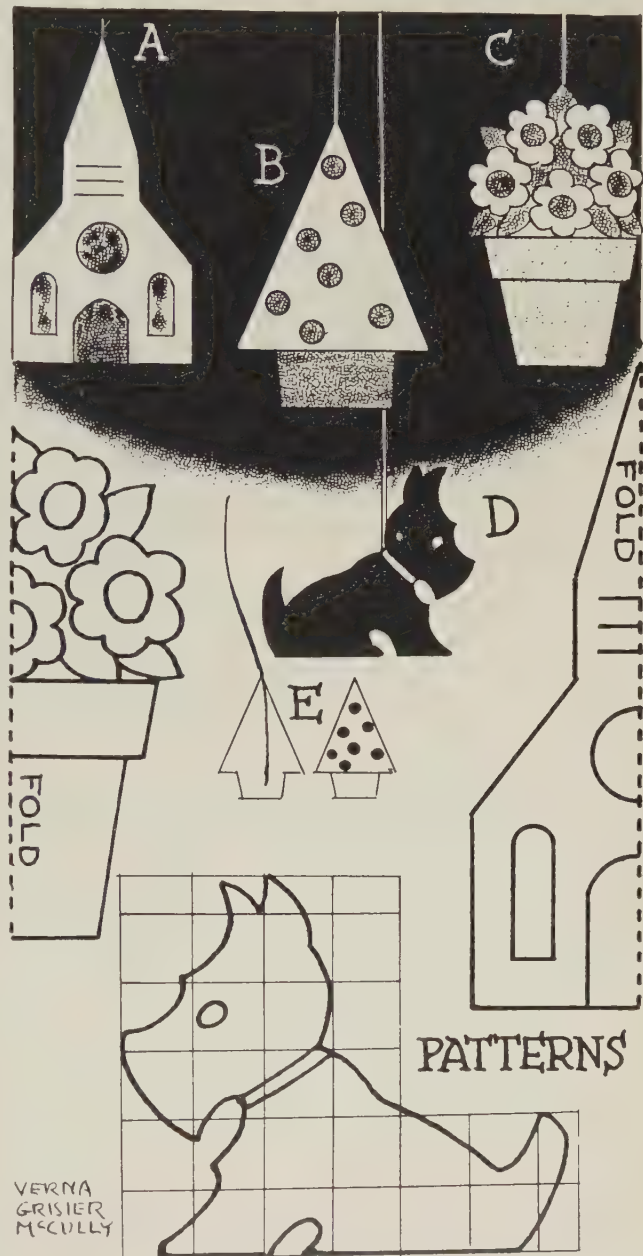
Leave the paper folded. Cut out the outside lines. Unfold the shape and you will have a little church. Use this as a pattern to trace on cardboard. Trace two shapes, just alike. Cut them out carefully. On one piece draw windows and a door. Make the windows in bright colors like red, yellow and blue. Make the door brown or black. You can use paints or crayons.

Find a piece of stout cotton cord about two feet long. Kite cord is fine. Put paste on one cardboard church. Then lay one end of the cord down the center of this shape. Press the other cardboard shape on top. Be sure the side with windows and door is on top. The cord will now be between the two church shapes, with one end coming out of the tip of the steeple. Put the little church between books to dry flat. When it is dry, it is ready to tie to a window shade. To copy the pot of flowers, cut a piece of paper two and a half inches by four inches. Trace the pattern on this. Be sure the fold is where the dotted line is. Cut out the outside. Unfold the shape. Use this as a pattern to trace on cardboard. Make two cardboard shapes. Draw or paint flowers on each. You can make the flowers red or blue or orange. Make yellow or brown centers. Color the leaves green. Make the flower pot light green. Then paste the two shapes together, with a string between them.

A Christmas tree is easy to make. You can probably draw this without a pattern. Figure E shows the two parts, with the string on one of them. The other shape is pasted on top of the string.

The scottie pattern is a little harder to make. Draw it on a piece of paper two and three quarters inches, by three and a quarter inches. Draw lines on this, one-half inch apart, to make squares. The pattern will then be easier to copy. Trace the pattern to cardboard. Make two shapes and paste them together with the string in between. You can use black card-

board, or brown or gray cardboard. Or you can color white cardboard with black ink or paint. You can tie a real ribbon around scottie's neck, if you wish.



By Verna Grisier McCully



# Never Too Old for a Hobby

(From page 13.)

If wife and children are still with him that helps, but he can no longer center into all the interests of the young nor can they enter into his. He notices that many people sicken and die soon after they quit work, and realizes that especially for one who has been active, idleness is not good but dangerous. He worries about it, and can soon be headed for a neurosis or a physical breakdown.

A good hobby is an antidote for all that, but what hobby? He must find something he enjoys, that he can do or learn to do well, and that seems to him worth doing. The older person is likely to prefer something constructive, something that will be beneficial to himself, or perhaps something that will be of service to others. Whatever it is, he can find or develop it.

**H**ERE IS A MAN who worked for a service organization, but always had a feeling that he would like to work in a bank. When he reached retiring age he became connected with a bank, and is having the time of his life. It pays a salary, but it is a hobby nevertheless. The other day I saw a woman, who though past eighty, is painting pictures and selling them at good prices. I know another man who always liked to fix things and was good at it. When he no longer had a home full of things to mend he opened a little fix-it shop and makes as good a living at it as he once did at his regular work.

A man who was in active business till he grew old enough to retire had cherished a desire to go to college and graduate. When he retired from business he took some university correspondence and extension courses, but that did not satisfy him. He found a college that would admit him, and at the age of sixty-seven became a member of the freshman class.

He explained to the dean that this was something he had to do, that it was the flowering of a lifelong ambition. He had worked at his business all those years with this in mind.

"Study and learning are my pleasures," he said. "The amusements most people seek do not satisfy me. My books are to me what the night clubs and dance halls are to many other people."

That might not be the hobby for some, but it is for him. In his late sixties he is still building his life, and he really feels that this is a necessary part of it.

Many people go through life thinking that if they only had the time they would like to do certain things

—study music, do some writing, start a little enterprise that would be different, do some traveling, or learn some interesting craft. I know one retired businessman who took up astronomy and another who took up biology, and both did well in an amateur way. I know another who was weak in mathematics in school, and who planned for years to make up for it. When retirement gave him the needed time he proceeded to become proficient in mathematics.

I once knew a man who adopted a hobby that was really distinctive, and I had the story of it from his own lips. Earlier in life he had been an official in an excellent though small college. When he retired he and his wife bought a house near the main campus gate, and spent the rest of their earthly days where they could watch the young life come and go.

As students passed by he made little prayers for them, asking God's blessing on them, that theirs might be good and useful lives. Thousands came and went during the years he lived there, unknown to the newer student generations; but few if any ever dreamed that a white-haired man was sitting behind that window asking God to bless them. I am sure his hobby was one of the things that kept him cheerful till he was very old. And who can ever tell what great good may have come from it?

Here is someone who has always wanted to grow flowers and work at improving them. Here is another who has always wished he could work with fruit. Here is another who has always wanted to bind books or do unusual and artistic printing. Here is another who has always wished he had time for larger scale efforts in some form of helpfulness to others. Retirement days bring the opportunity.

I once heard a man say he envied the cat for the reason that it was said to have nine lives, because there were at least nine things at which he would like to spend a lifetime. Perhaps nine lives is too much to hope for, but the evening time of our years does afford a kind of second lifetime for those who have always wanted to do something for which they never had the time.

**I**N THE COUNTRY one sometimes sees old machines left out in the weather to rust away in idleness. People do that with their lives when they cease all active interests, and it is no better for them than it is for machinery. The machine or the person kept in commission for something worth while lasts longer and is better off.

All this applies even to the handicapped who cannot engage in active work at all. There are many crafts at which one can engage hands and mind in a wheel chair or a bed. Even some without hands manage to make life quite worth while to themselves and others.

The feeling of futility at the end of a day when nothing has been done is hard. At the end of an active lifetime it is unbearable. It is not necessary to have such a feeling eating into either one's happiness or his disposition. One only needs to find something interesting and do it. At any age one can enjoy the fun of learning and practicing a new skill.

**If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies,  
And they are fools who roam;  
The world has nothing to bestow,  
From our own selves our bliss must flow,  
And that dear hut—our home.**

**—Nathaniel Cotton.**



# What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life

By J. D. Montgomery



—Fred's Photo Co.

The John Fox family from Chillicothe, Missouri, take over leading devotions at dinner time at the first family camp held at Troy, Missouri.

**Disciple Families  
Attend Institutes  
and Camps Designed  
for Christian Family  
Living**

## New Emphasis by Every Church

The new year opens doors of opportunities and presents a challenge to new adventures. Church leaders and teachers should include in all plans for Christian education an emphasis on the home.

Plans which have been started during the past year should be completed and new ways should be considered of more effectively helping homes in carrying out activities of Christian nurture. Not all churches will follow the same plan, and so the program will need to be adapted to conditions and opportunities in each congregation.

### Family Life Institute

Woodlawn Church of Christ at Lake City, Iowa, M. J. Votruba, minister, held a Family Life Institute as a part of its home emphasis preceding Easter of 1949.

The institute was sponsored by the Women's Council, the Laymen's League, and the Sunday school, with cooperation from other organizations of the church. On the three Sundays preceding the institute, the minister preached on themes related to the home at the Sunday morning services. There were about 140 in attendance at the institute.

The institute was held at the church during the afternoon and evening of Sunday, April 3. The theme was "Family Happiness Through Christian Living." Among the outside speakers who had part on the program were Miss Elizabeth Sheerer, professor and youth counselor at Iowa State College; Mrs. Hugh Gibson of the Highland Park Christian Church of Des Moines, teacher and leader of the summer laboratory school; and Loren Hudson, pastor of the Central Church of Christ, Boone, Iowa.

The Institute opened at 3 P.M. and after a brief opening period interest groups were conducted. One group was for teen-agers on such topics as "Family Relations," and "Boy Dates Girl;" another group was for young people who were engaged and newly-weds; another group consisted of parents of preschool children; parents of children from six through eleven constituted another group.

At 6 P.M. a meal was served for the group by the Women's Council of the church. Following the evening meal the interest groups held another session from 7 until 8 and continued their discussion.

At 8 P.M. a mass meeting was held in the sanctuary of the church for the entire group where subjects pertaining to the home were discussed.



A literature table with an attractive selection of materials was one of the outstanding features. Pamphlets, booklets, and books were secured in advance and placed on display for people to see and examine. Orders were taken for some items and free materials were distributed. Another feature during the afternoon and evening which added to the effectiveness of the institute was the nursery which remained open.

### **The First Family Camp**

Sherwood Forest Park, Troy, Missouri, was the scene of the first general family camp held under the sponsorship of the national department of Christian Family Life. It was the unanimous opinion of the eighty-eight persons who attended that the week of fun and fellowship was a complete success. Perhaps the vote was not quite unanimous since one camper, Debbie Moore, eight months of age, was somewhat reticent about expressing an opinion!

Twenty families and five additional individual faculty members from Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, and Missouri pioneered in this experimental camp. Each family was assigned a separate cabin and meals were enjoyed in a common dining hall. Registration was well distributed with fifteen pre-school children, fifteen school children, ages six through eleven, twelve young people, twelve through sixteen years, and forty-five adults of assorted ages.

During the morning hours the group was divided on an age level basis. Pre-school children were directed in their activities by Miss Ruth Reynolds, Indianapolis. The school age group were led by Mrs. Milton Hines, Des Moines, who had charge of the Primary children, and Mrs. Earl Van Voorhis, West

Des Moines, caring for the Juniors. O. Eugene Moore, director of religious education for Iowa, took charge of the young people's sessions. The adult discussion groups were led by Mrs. Kenneth Bowen, Chicago, Kenneth A. Kuntz, Hannibal, and E. Lee Neal, St. Louis.

During the rest of the day the activities were engaged in on a family basis for the most part. Recreational interests were cared for by W. Elbert Starn, St. Louis, and Richard Watkins, Macon, Missouri, who acted as life guard at the swimming pool. Crafts and hobbies were led by Kenneth Kuntz, who also served as assistant director of the camp. A registered nurse was present to take care of health needs in the person of Mrs. Pearl Henthorne, St. Louis.

The evening vesper hour was conducted ably by Russell Harrison, Indianapolis, who kept in mind the fact that the devotions should serve the needs of whole families. The whole camp was directed by J. D. Montgomery, Indianapolis, director of adult work and Christian family life.

The evening program was a varied one which included the entire family group up until an 8:30 bedtime for the younger children. Young people and adults spent an additional hour and a half in games, discussion groups, and fellowship. A number of visual education materials were used to advantage.

An evaluation period the final night brought forth enthusiastic comment from the campers. Several young people, dubious at first about the camp, were heartily glad they had come. A number of suggestions were made for improvement for next year.

Family camp provides a valuable aid to the churches in helping homes to better Christian living.

## *Renewal*

Revive us, Lord, and let us be  
A torch for Thee, we pray,  
A light to guide the weary home  
When they have lost the way.

Revive us for our feeble lamps  
Are burning very low—  
We need a portion of Thy power  
To shed a brighter glow.

Revive us, Lord, and let our zeal  
Be greater than before;  
Renew us that our light may be  
As beacons on the shore!

—INEZ CLARK THORSON.

## *Trust*

O love of God, supremely kind,  
When once we know thy sovereign will,  
Our doubts and fears are left behind,  
We can but wonder, and be still.

On simplest joys of every day  
Thou layest that holy hand of thine;  
And home and duty, 'neath thy sway,  
Become most sacred and divine.

When sorrows dark exclude the light,  
Thine arm our trembling souls doth bear  
In closer kinship, through the night,  
For thou hast sorrowed, thou art there.

And so I would not choose my path,  
But only lay my hand in thine,  
Assured, while thou my guidance hath,  
All shall be well for me and mine.

—MAY GRIGGS VAN VOORHIS.



# A New Year Word Game

By Melba Baehr

Can you identify the seven nouns described below? You should if you observe the clues. One letter in each word has been given you.

1. A bouquet
2. A planet
3. A species of primrose
4. A kind of chalk pencils
5. A highly inflammable liquid
6. Tropical fruit (plural)
7. The fat of whales

N \_ \_ \_ \_ \_  
 \_ E \_ \_ \_ \_ \_  
 \_ \_ W \_ \_ \_ \_  
 \_ \_ \_ Y \_ \_ \_  
 \_ \_ \_ \_ E \_ \_  
 \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ A \_  
 \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ R

(Solution on page 46.)

## First! Last! Always!

By Ruth May Knell

Answer these definitions in one word each; the figures indicate the number of letters in the answers. The FIRST letters in the answers in Part I, should reveal the name of a composer; the LAST letters in the answers to Part II, the country in which he was born; and the FIRST letters in the answers to Part III, the title of his ALWAYS popular opera.

### Part I

- a. To help in time of need (8)
- b. Wild Alpine goat. (4)
- c. French novelist. (4)
- d. Recede, as the tide. (3)
- e. Object of attack. (6)

### Part II

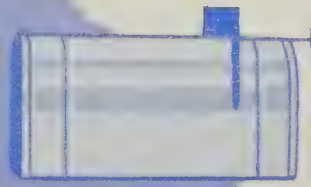
- a. Intellectual conviction. (6)
- b. Skilled story-teller. (9)
- c. Guitar-like instrument. (9)
- d. Statement in support of an argument. (10)
- e. Sea southeast of Denmark. (6)
- f. Dress approved as fashionable. (5)

### Part III

- a. Grounds of a university. (6)
- b. Proverb strengthened by long use. (5)
- c. Violent anger. (4)
- d. Exaggerate. (7)
- e. To choose by vote. (5)
- f. Short sleep. (3)



## Family Mailbox



Unionville, N. Y.

The first number of the new *Hearthstone* has come to me. It is a splendid issue both in appearance and content. It is in answer to a need. I hope it will be a complete answer to that need among our people and others.

Always with sincere regards and best wishes,

RAPHAEL MILLER

Orange, N. J.

You are to be congratulated on the new publication, *Hearthstone*, and I certainly want that to come into my home, so if you will see that my name gets to the right department, please enter my subscription for this fine magazine.

With every good wish for continued success, I remain,

SHIELDS T. HARDIN

New Freeport, Pa.

The introduction to the new magazine, *Hearthstone*, arrived this morning and I am thrilled. I was all ready to sign for the home magazine from another publishing house but won't have to now as we will have one equally as good pub-

lished by our own publication society. You can count on my subscription order.

KENNETH F. MINER

St. Louis, Mo.

I am delighted that our church leaders are actively concerned about doing a more effective job of taking religion into the home. For a long time we have needed a family magazine which will help parents to make the religious emphasis a natural and normal part of family life. I understand that *Hearthstone* will be that kind of a periodical. Congratulations on taking steps to meet a real need!

LOUISE SMITH



**Editors' note:** Don't think we're asking for compliments when we ask you to write us. All we have on hand now are congratulatory letters, however, so we are printing some of them. We want to hear from *you*! And we want your candid opinion about *Hearthstone*. Through your letters we can know your needs better and meet them.



Now don't fret; I do this putting the car in the garage all the time



# Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. Feathered friends -----	106 66 53 109 60
B. An opener; also a low island or reef -----	93 110 105
C. Any creature such as a horse, cow, dog, etc. -----	2 41 33 5 40 64
D. To make use of; to hire -----	70 89 12 43 78 58
E. Noisily -----	63 76 83 20 84 90
F. The year just begun -----	14 37 45 7 22 55 24
G. Frothy, bubbly -----	27 92 98 104 100
H. Large wagon or truck, used for heavy loads -----	103 108 62 91
I. Parent -----	28 13 54 50 10 32
J. The region of clouds, storms, etc. -----	113 39 77
K. Below, or beneath -----	107 56 42 94 69
L. Dangerous; venturesome -----	80 115 71 3 47
M. Part of a book; also part of a tree -----	114 97 101 86
N. Young persons in general -----	15 82 73 118 61
O. Discovered; also to base or establish -----	65 87 11 111 68

1	2	3	4		5	6		7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14		15	16	17		18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25		26	27		28	29	30
31	32		33		34	35		36	37	38	39
40	41	42		43	44	45	46	47		48	49
50	51	52	53	54		55	56	57		58	59
60	61	62	63	64		65	66	67	68		69 70
71	72		73	74	75	76		77	78	79	80
81	82	83	84	85		86	87	88		89	90
91	92	93	94		95	96		97	98	99	100
101	102	103		104	105		106	107	108	109	110 111
	112	113		114	115	116	117	118			

P. Cold, freezing -----	30 88 31 96 75 6
Q. Heavenly body -----	36 44 8 102
R. Dog with large drooping ears -----	117 26 17 25 57
S. To torment; tantalize -----	72 51 18 99 4
T. A winter sport -----	85 9 112 48 74 116
U. Tidy; orderly -----	19 38 52 1
V. Thin, slender -----	21 29 34 67
W. Creature that saved the lion, in "The Lion and the -----"	35 16 79 81 59
X. Slender pointed piece of metal, used for fastening things together -----	49 23 95 46

(Solution on page 46.)

## Marks of a Christian Home

(From page 32.)

I was glad to read the account of the tour which a group of newspaper reporters made through the new home of Governor Luther Youngdahl. It is a beautiful new house out on Casco Point overlooking Lake Minnetonka. The governor took the reporters into the basement. There was a large room finished in red cedar, designed for a recreation room. There was a shelf arrangement in the room which could be used for magazines or knickknacks or as a serving base for refreshments. The governor walked into the room, sniffed the cedar scent, looked at the shelf,

and said with a decisive laugh, "That is not a bar." Knowing that our governor's family is a Christian family, we in Minnesota can be sure there will be no cock-tails or alcoholic beverages served in his home.

10. **A Christian home is a place where Jesus Christ is Lord.** As a final mark of the Christian home, that covers everything. There is a motto which is the perfect secret of every Christian home. It is "Christ is the head of this house, the unseen guest at every meal, the silent listener to every conversation." Whether those words are neatly framed and hung in the front hallway or not, that is the slogan or the motto of the Chris-

tian home. Jesus Christ is the Lord of every member, and of every hour, and of every room!

**T**HERE YOU HAVE ten marks of a Christian home. Any home which stands favorably in the light of these ten standards will be Christian. It will be "The gate of heaven."

I think again of that bridal party I saw. I do not know that young couple. I shall probably never meet them. But I said a prayer for them. It was a prayer that their home would bear the marks of a Christian home. Only in this way will that beautiful bride and her handsome groom ever find real happiness.



One of the most stimulating and thought-provoking books to come to our attention in a long time is Dorothy Walter Baruch's **New Ways in Discipline** (published by Whittlesey House, 280 pages, price \$3.00). Out of her long experience as a teacher, a consultant in child guidance, and a consulting psychologist, Dr. Baruch is sure that parents are more concerned with discipline than with any other topic. She shows parents how to learn the underlying reasons for a child's behavior; make a child understand that you-know how he feels; allow him to let out the "badness"; and channel his feelings of anger, fear and insecurity into other emotions and activities. Any parent can learn how to do these things.

The book is written in an extremely readable style. The author has employed a rather unique method of summarizing pertinent points at intervals throughout the text. In terse sentences some principle is restated. The use of large capital letters makes that particular subject stand out boldly, and helps to impress that truth upon the reader.

The lively line drawings by Lois Fisher add interest to the book. They are so typical of children's situations that parents will smile in recognition.

This book will be a boon to parents of young children. It will give them understanding and insights into their own behavior as well. It will point out paths of easier and richer family living. To parents of older children it may point to changes in the pattern of their relationships with their children which will make life more meaningful for all.

**New Ways of Discipline** will help you to ease family tensions; it will answer many of your questions; it will show you how to adapt many of the methods of modern psychology and psychiatry to your discipline problems.

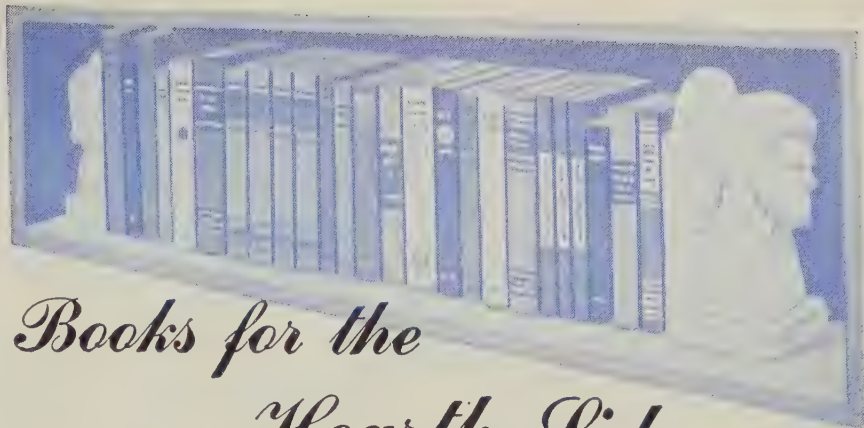


**Enjoy Your Child, Ages 1, 2, and 3** (a 32-page pamphlet published by the Public Affairs Committee,<sup>1</sup> price 20 cents) is Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 141 written by James L. Hymes, Jr. It is a brief, easy-to-read treatment of the development of a little child, covering most of the questions which bother young parents. Mr. Hymes thesis is that parents should enjoy their children. With the guidance he gives in this pamphlet, many more parents may be helped to enjoy their children at all age levels.



Does your child have a hobby? Does he collect butterflies? If so, **What Butterfly Is It?** will delight him. Children who do not have this hobby may be inspired to it by the book. Written by Anna Pistorius and published by Wilcox and Follett Co. (25 pages, price \$1.25)

<sup>1</sup>Public Affairs Committee, Inc., 22 East 38th Street, New York 16, N. Y.



## Books for the Hearth Side

this book contains lifelike colored illustrations and the names of fifty-four butterflies. It answers such questions as: What butterfly is the world's greatest traveler? What butterfly is an early sign of spring? What butterflies have ants for their baby-sitters?



Have you ever felt the need for worship material for your children? A new book of prayers by Jessie Eleanor Moore puts into words some of the things your children feel but cannot express.

**Children's Prayers for Everyday** (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 64 pages, price 1.00) has in it prayers related to the everyday experiences of children. These experiences and aspirations are grouped under headings such as morning prayers, evening prayers, table graces, prayers about the home, the out-doors, the world, and prayers for special days.

Each group begins with prayers for the young child and goes on to prayers for older and more mature children.

**Children's Prayers for Everyday** will contain suggestions for worship in families' with young children. The line drawings by Edith May Cunnings will make it attractive to children who can read.



Another book which will delight both children and parents is Esther Freivogel's **My Book About Jesus**, (Westminster Press, 48 pages, price 65¢). Children will enjoy it for the delightful stories of Jesus and for the lovely pictures by Margaret Ayer. Parents will enjoy this book because it will help their children to know what sort of person Jesus was. Both stories and pictures might be used as additional worship materials for use in the family.



**I Married a New Englander**, by Marion Almy Lippitt. Chapman and Grimes, Boston, publishers. Sixty-two pages, \$2.50. If your conscience doesn't sting

from paying that much for a short book, here is one you will enjoy. It tells a simple, humorous, and lively story of the marriage of a Philadelphia Quaker to a "rock-bound" New Englander. Both came from "families" with a history which added interest and some complications. There is some wise handling of a large family, a chapter on "Sayings of the Children" which will be sympathetically understood by every parent, how they treated their in-laws and were treated in return, how they made the great migration from Rhode Island to California are among the high points of this little book.



**Talks to Youth**, by Gordon C. Speer. Abingdon-Cokesbury, publishers. Pages 127. Price, \$1.50.

Gordon Speer has collected a small volume of brief talks addressed to young people by outstanding religious leaders of the country. Although few of the contributors are known as outstanding youth leaders they are men who have a good word to say for, and to young people. Ralph Sockman, Daniel Poling, Father Flanagan, Edgar DeWitt Jones, Paul Scherer, Albert W. Palmer, and others are included. Challenge, inspiration, guidance, evaluation, and optimism mark the messages.



For thrilling adventure set in the days of the Old Testament, **Ten Days Till Harvest** by Elsie Ball (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press) is one of the best. It is the story of Nathan, a shepherd boy whose father was cheated of his land, and of Nathan's varied adventures in championing justice. He travels alone through treacherous country on his way to find the prophet Micah, is taken captive by outlaws, escapes to be found and cared for by a foreign nobleman. While the story is fiction, Micah is presented accurately and effectively together with the attitudes of the people toward him. The characters are real people with customs, habits, fears and ambitions. Read this exciting story to your primary children and let the older children enjoy reading it for themselves.



## Hearthstone Salutes

(From page 19.)

planting and cleaning up. The fourth time she succeeded. Her labors were let alone. Abuse of the newcomer woman began to die down, especially as she was always pleasant and patiently pointed out what a beautiful place Sea Lane could be for all of them if they all worked together.

One day the man across the street came out and looked long at Marie's house and garden. Slowly he crossed over, knocked on the door and asked to borrow her lawn mower. He dug dirt from his paths, trimmed his lawn and carted rubbish out of his yard away to the official town dump. A week later he come home with lengths of discarded pipe he had bought cheaply. These he painted white, and while his friends gathered around in astonishment, he

proceeded to build a neat white fence around his yard.

That summer was the beginning of the end of hostilities. Every shack and tumbledown house in the lane eventually was repaired and painted or whitewashed. Marie was called in consultation for ideas as to gardens, porches and attractive yards. The sidewalks were cleared and edges trimmed. The old field dump was turned into a tiny park. Since then Sea Lane has been an especial attraction for visitors to the seaside town and Marie's talents, friendships, health and vision seem to be boundless.

Sometimes one of her former enemies comes to visit in her garden. He is a man of few words, but when he leaves he nods at Marie with a twinkle in his eyes, and says, "All right, Missee, doing all right. Keep going."

## Sorry, I Have a Date!

(From page 23.)

Why not take family night as a time to acquaint the younger members with their family history? Bring out the old family album, let them know how much their ancestors have given them to build upon. Almost every family has heroes and heroines—as you look at the queerly dressed ancestors, new respect will develop. A new responsibility will naturally come with the thought, "Some day I will be somebody's ancestor."

Road map study, beginning with your own town and county and going as far as time permits, would give the family an idea of the real layout of the territory covered. This might lead to a general study of the international highway which is under construction.

**Y**OUR FAMILY NIGHT will be governed by the age of the members of the group. One little family I know—three little girls all under ten, have interesting times together. Of course they may change their minds a dozen times, but each one of them thinks she has decided what she wants to do

when she grows up. One plans to be a professional storyteller; one, a singer, and the third one a dancer. Their family does not have family night, but each child is encouraged in his chosen field and given opportunity to express herself. How about a family night, "What I want to do"?

Teen agers and older members of a family are likely to be dissatisfied with the paint, the woodwork and other items around the house. All right! Call in the family group, get your tools and materials and make what is wrong right! Some young people in the next block have entirely re-modeled their home, done painting, sanding, polishing, and transformed an unlovely place into a dream house.

Much family unrest and unhappiness might be avoided by a family budget night. Put the bills on the table, every one. Let every member old enough to understand know how far Dad has to stretch the dollars he makes.

Family Night will establish warmer and closer family relations, will educate its members in various ways—and besides being mutually helpful, the members will find increased popularity. The world is always partial to a closely knit family group.

## Answers to First! Last! Always!

(See page 43.)

### Part I

- Befriend
- Ibex
- Zola
- Ebb
- Target

### Part II

- belief
- raconteur
- balalaika
- contention
- baltiC
- style

### Part III

- Campus
- Adage
- Rage
- Magnify
- Elect
- Nap

### SOLUTION:

Part I: Bizet

Part II: France

Part III: "Carmen"

## A New Year Word Game

(See page 43.)

### Solution:

N O S E G A Y  
M E R C U R Y  
C O W S L I P  
C R A Y O N S  
B E N Z E N E  
B A N A N A S  
B L U B B E R

## Biblegram Solution

(See page 44.)

29. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

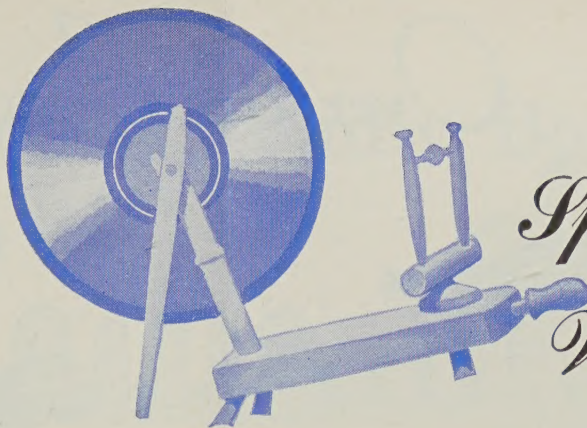
30. "For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

—Matthew 11: 29-30.

### DEFINITIONS

- |             |           |
|-------------|-----------|
| A. Birds    | M. Leaf   |
| B. Key      | N. Youth  |
| C. Animal   | O. Found  |
| D. Employ   | P. Frosty |
| E. Loudly   | Q. Moon   |
| F. New Year | R. Hound  |
| G. Foamy    | S. Tease  |
| H. Dray     | T. Skiing |
| I. Mother   | U. Neat   |
| J. Sky      | V. Lean   |
| K. Under    | W. Mouse  |
| L. Risky    | X. Nail   |





## The Spinning Wheel

**The Ten Best Loved Hymns** (*Bible-tone Album*). *Rock of Ages, Nearer My God to Thee, The Old Rugged Cross, Softly and Tenderly, Lead, Kindly Light, In the Sweet Bye and Bye, What a Friend We Have in Jesus, Jesus, Lover of My Soul, Abide With Me, Onward, Christian Soldier.*" Here are ten outstanding hymns that have remained favorites throughout the centuries. Played on the Master Cathedral Organ. Complete with booklet containing words and music.

**Songs of Romance**, Buddy Clark (*Columbia Album*). With this collection of charming romantic ballads, Buddy Clark affirms his claim to one of the top spots among the nation's singers. To the songs contained in this album, he brings a warm personality and a depth of sincerity rare among purveyors of popular songs. And these are songs that call out for warmth and sincerity, a group of eight ballads of some ten or twenty years ago, as pleasantly tuneful as ever.

**Familiar Tunes From the Ballet** (*Capitol Album*). The grace and beauty of the ballet is reflected in every measure of this delightful music. It will be enjoyed alike by ballet enthusiasts and those who have never witnessed a pirouette. Here are themes from six of the best loved ballets, by the world's great composers: Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* score, and his charming *Swan Lake*; Offenbach's *Gaiete Parisienne*, with its sparkling rhythm; *Spectre of The Rose*, familiar favorite by von Weber; Chopin's *Les Sylphides*; and de Falla's magnificent score in the Spanish idiom, *The Three-Cornered Hat*. A concert orchestra of fifty pieces does full justice to this colorful music, under the direction of Georges Tzipine, talented interpreter of ballet scores.

**Bozo's Jungle Jingles** (*Capitol Album*). That favorite of millions of kiddies, Bozo the Clown, returns here in a colorful one-record album that once again will tickle the funny-bones of the youngsters. Pressed on the practically unbreakable Superflex, these two sides feature Bozo's voice on "In Jingle Jungle Land" and "The Laughing Hyena Song." In both instances the famed Capitol clown is accompanied by the orchestra conducted by Billy May.

**Gossamer Wump** (*Capitol Album*). The famed Frank Morgan appears in a Capitol kiddie album for the first time with his narration of **Gossamer Wump**, the delightful tale of a red-haired, freckled boy with one green eye and one blue eye. Gossamer Wump is a musical genius, a veritable virtuoso on the vibrant instrument of his choice, and Frank Morgan leads you through the un-

usual story of Gossamer's trials and tribulations, and eventual triumphs, with his accustomed adroitness and flair for sly humor. And there is humor aplenty here . . . enough for everybody in the family. The story of **Gossamer Wump** is told on one 12-inch Superflex record, contained in a colorfully adorned sleeve.

**Franz Lehar Operettas from Vienna** (*Capitol-Telefunken Classical Album*). *The Merry Widow, The Count of Luxembourg, Paganini.* Music with so much popular appeal as Franz Lehar's must have some common denominator, some universal touch. Perhaps this appeal is reflected in the gay, bubbling spirit of Old Vienna, its joyous pageantry and the gallant romanticism. Lehar himself confessed that his own favorite operetta was "Count of Luxembourg," included in this collection.

**Date With Jane Powell** (*Columbia Album*). Jane Powell's success in Hollywood was brought about not only by her beauty but also by her excellent soprano voice. Her success in the record field has been no less dependent upon her loveliness of voice. In this album Jane sings "The Donkey Serenade" (from Friml's *The Firefly*), "Mighty Lak' a Rose," "Over the Rainbow" (from *The Wizard of Oz*), "Summertime" (from Gershwin's ever-popular *Porgy and Bess*), "One Kiss" (from Romberg's operetta *The New Moon*), and "Sweethearts" (from the Herbert musical hit *Sweetheart*). Each of the six songs is an American favorite.

**Jeux—Poeme Danse**, by Debussy. Symphony Orchestra of the Augusteo, Rome, Victor De Sabata, Conductor (*RCA Victor Red Seal Album*, recorded in Europe).

One of the most exciting and newsworthy events of the recent music season was the appearance of Victor De Sabata as guest conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Rarely has a conductor elicited praise of such uniformly high order from our leading music critics. De Sabata's debut on RCA Victor's domestic Red Seal label further substantiates the critical praise of his musicianship and conductorial

wizardry. Debussy's "Jeux," although originally composed as a ballet score for Diaghilev's *Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo*, is known today primarily as concert repertoire, but even in this form it is music that is rarely heard. Under De Sabata's baton, the Symphony Orchestra of the Augusteo, Rome, imparts to Debussy's representation of a game of tennis a glowing interpretation.

**Trumpet Time**, Harry James and His Orchestra. (*Columbia Album*, Part 1 & 2.) Most young boys dream of running away to join a circus. Harry James was born into circus life. His family was traveling with the Mighty Haag Circus when Harry was born in Albany, Georgia. At the age of 12 Harry was a veteran tootler with the circus band! He formed his first orchestra ten years later and toured the Southwest. Benny Goodman heard the James trumpet on one of these dates and took Harry into his own organization with such luminaries as Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton. When Harry left the Goodman aggregation he formed another orchestra of his own.

**South Pacific** (*Capitol Album*), Rodgers and Hammerstein's show music is known the world over for its bubbling gaiety, its romantic beauty, and irresistible charm. It seems natural to bring to these melodies the youthful talents of Peggy Lee, vivacious Margaret Whiting and the popular Gordon MacRae. Together—in this album—they bring you the best from "South Pacific" a show which promises to shine even brighter than "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel." Here is music of many moods—smartly sung and played—always delightful.

**M-G-M's Silver Anniversary Album**, starring Kathryn Grayson, Lena Horne, June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Van Johnson, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Jimmy Durante, and Betty Garrett. "A great tribute to a great American institution" . . . that's the only way to describe this album! To celebrate 25 years of fine motion-picture making by M-G-M Pictures, M-G-M Records has gathered some of Metro's stars and put them together in an entertaining musical package.





# Over the Back Fence

## **Happy New Year, Neighbors!**

It can be that! Whether it is or not will depend to a very great degree upon what you bring to it and put into it. It was out of the firsthand experiences of his own life that Thoreau spoke these significant words: "Man is the artificer of his own happiness."

This will not be a happy year if we seek happiness in the possession of a multitude of things. Neither will the restless striving after new thrills and sensations, which is so much a characteristic of our time, provide any lasting satisfaction. True happiness is not a goal which one struggles to reach. It is a by-product which comes after one has set himself to the attainment of something else altogether.

Just what happiness is will not be our purpose to dogmatize on here. Scattered throughout this issue of *Hearthstone* are a number of statements about happiness which great minds of different generations have uttered. Look them up and think on them a bit!

## **Whence Moral Idealism?**

Eduard Lindeman, a Columbia University professor, has said that he honestly believed that the public schools of our land provided sounder moral teaching for children and youth than any other institution, the church included. That statement should be enough to start the fur flying in almost any gathering, particularly of church leaders!

It is not our purpose to debate that particular issue here. Since there are no "realistic tests available" for Mr. Lindeman to use that will either prove or disprove his statement he is entitled to his position.

There is something further to be said, however. A very good case can be made that the moral teaching efforts of either the public school or the church make little impression upon children unless those teachings are enforced by what takes place in the homes of those girls and boys. The cartoon which we saw recently was more than just a joke. Two school teachers stood by the door of their classes watching the pupils leave with obvious joy. Said one: "All the hard work of this week will now be undone in an hour's time when they get home."

It is not so much that direct moral teaching goes on in the home. Rather it is the indirect influence of

the attitudes and actions of the parents which plays such a large part in the character of their children. Good citizen classes in the school and "love thy neighbor" exhortations in the church lose much of their significance to young minds when both ideals are violated in the home circle.

Since this is true, the school and the church have a stake in the increasing interest in adult education. It is encouraging to note that both are giving greater attention to this field. Adult education programs in most communities are closely related to the public schools. Church leadership is concentrating more and more upon parent education, recognizing that here is the area where Christian faith puts down its deepest roots.

*Hearthstone* was born out of this same conviction. Its readers are part of the problem and the answer. They are not the ultimate source of moral idealism but they are the larger channels through which it flows.

## **Home vs. Automobile**

Which should have first claim on our pocketbooks? In the mind of one religious leader there is no doubt as to which is most important. The parish priest of a large Roman Catholic Church in Pittsburgh recently "asked" his parishioners to "stop buying autos until they own their homes." He was very positive in saying that "the automobile is the greatest curse the human race has suffered since Adam committed the original sin and is the greatest force for homebreaking in all history."

To many this will be a call to go back to the "dark ages, B.C. (before cars)." They will not agree that the auto is the cause of our home troubles and will not attempt to turn back the clock.

But mayhap the "reverend" gentleman has something. At least it would seem that home ownership, with its stabilizing effect on family, is fundamentally more important to the family than the latest model "juggernaut." (Look that up. *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* gives it two very interesting and suggestive definitions.) If there must be a choice between the two, *Hearthstone* casts its vote for the home. What do you say?



# BOOKS for the Family Bookshelf



## THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH

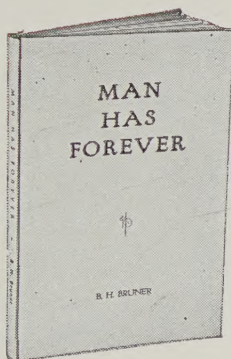
by Casper S. Yost

A masterful evaluation of the background, environment and work of the greatest man who ever lived. Clear prose and a very realistic yet reverent style combine to make "The Carpenter of Nazareth" one of the most cherished of all books written on the life of Christ.

Readers will gain new insight and devotion from these 350 pages!

\$2<sup>50</sup>

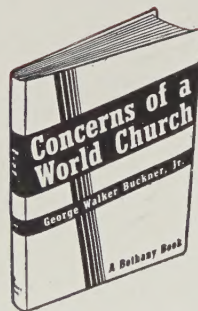
## Man Has Forever by B. H. Bruner



Brief assurances of immortality every layman should turn to in today's turbulent times. Scripturally sound! Easy-to-understand! Non-sentimental! Yes, here is truly a fortress of faith explaining the relationship of immortality to the unseen, to the human heart, to physical death, to the empty tomb. And just look at the price! \$1.00

## Concerns of a World Church

by George Walker Buckner



An important book outlining ways for alert church people to go about achieving the permanent peace everyone has come to realize is so vital to the world. Full consideration is given to the serious problems of faith, racial inequalities as well as the background of the people who must be brought together in a working partnership. \$1.25

## Sila Son of Congo

by Goldie Ruth Wells



A fascinating true story for young and old alike on the effect our Congo mission had upon the life of a native boy. Full of amazing details of African folklore and tribal customs! \$1.50

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# Important Items for Parents!

To Use with Two-year-olds...

## CHRISTIAN GROWTH IN THE HOME

Although two-year-old children are usually too young to fit into Sunday school routine, they are not too young to receive definite religious influence. This packet (containing a 16-page manual to use in guiding the Christian growth of two-year-olds and 24 illustrated story leaflets) will help parents develop religious consciousness in their children. \$1.00 per yearly packet

To Use with Three-year-olds...

## PARENTS AND TEACHERS PLANNING FOR RELIGIOUS NURTURE

A practical manual explaining the important roles parents and teachers play in religious training of nursery-age tots. 10 cents per year



For Parents of Children in Kindergarten,  
Primary and Junior Departments...

## A MESSAGE TO PARENTS

Four-page folders are issued each quarter in the year to tell parents how they may share in their child's religious education and what the child is studying that quarter in the Sunday school.

A MESSAGE TO PARENTS is prepared for the Kindergarten Closely Graded Lessons, for the Primary Graded Lessons and for the Junior Graded Lessons. 4 cents each per quarter

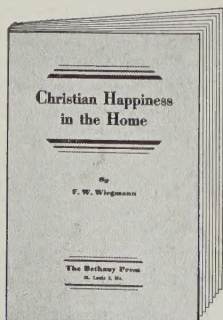


For All Parents...

## TOWARD A CHRISTIAN HOME

by Florence M. Sly

Suggestions in outline form for achieving and maintaining a Christian home ... ways to develop an appreciation for the better things in life, how families may plan and play together, ways to inculcate Christian attitudes, effective means of dealing with family problems, ideas for family enrichment, etc. Two-color printing! Cleverly illustrated! 45 cents



A Study Course for Parents...

## CHRISTIAN HAPPINESS IN THE HOME

by F. W. Wiegmann

An elective course for use in Sunday morning classes or as a basis for forums or study groups. Thirteen chapters on family life with special emphasis on the religious side. Study questions appear at the end of each chapter. 50 cents per copy

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